THE

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OVER THE CLOVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MINNIE MAY.

White brow, brown eyes and dimples,
Red lips and polished pearls,
Bringing the sunlight glinting
With a toss of golden curls,
Fannie, fair Fannie of Florence,
Darlingest, best of girls.

Laughing through life's rough pathway,
Never a care to mind,
Plucking the modest violets
Tossed in the summer wind,
Twining them in her ringlets,
Cruel, just to be kind.

Awakening laughing echoes,
Glancing at me anon,
Scarce rustling the fragrant clover
That her daintly feet step on,
Till I fold her close, and kiss her,
Kiss her, for she is won.

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER VI.

She loves, but knows not whom she loves,
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;
Like one who meets in Indian groves
Some beauteous bird without a name,
Brought by the last ambrosial breeze
To show his plumage for a day
To wondering eyes, then wing away.—*Moore.*

Pale, feverish, and unrefreshed, after a night of restless dreams, Herbert Clinton arose from a vision of Jessie to hail a new day.

Passion and principle were at war already. Bound by every pledge of love, by every vow, to Helena, his whole soul was steeped in this new, all-absorbing passion that had taken possession of him. He had fancied he loved her until he beheld radiant, dazzling, bewildering Jessie, and from that moment he could have yielded heaven for her. Every feeling of his inmost heart and soul was up in arms. Every feeling of honor bade him fly from this intoxicating siren, whose power he felt growing stronger each moment over him; but the voice of passion cried, "Remain—love her if you will! What right has Helena to stand between you and the heaven of your dreams?" And like all who allow the struggle between right and wrong to wage its warfare in their bosom, Herbert Clinton was lost; for, with his hot, fervid nature, worldly considerations, former vows, reason, principle, justice, even honor, were swept away like a wall of smoke before the fierce impetuosity of passion.

With a head throbbing, and pulse quick and feverish with the inward conflict, Herbert descended to breakfast.

Captain Macdonald stood in the sitting-room, awaiting his coming. With a courteous "Good morning," he advanced to meet him, but started back in surprise at beholding his extreme pallor.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, in a tone of solicitude, "you are ill—very ill, I am afraid. What in the world is the matter?"

"Nothing. I had bad dreams and did not sleep well," said Clinton, with a forced smile. "A cup of Allie's excellent coffee will set me all right again."

"I don't know about that," said Captain Macdonald, with his eyes fixed anxiously on his face. "You are looking terribly feverish, and you were complaining of a headache yesterday. I hope you are not going to be ill."

"I assure you it is nothing," said Herbert, in a tone of slight impatience. "You are needlessly alarming yourself. A bad night's rest is the cause of all."

"Well, if it is not, I will have to call up Mrs. Ben to nurse you till Helena comes. And, by the way, I regret exceedingly that I shall be obliged to leave you solitary and alone for some days. Important business that cannot be postponed demands my immediate attention."

Herbert's heart suddenly bounded—he would scarcely have acknowledged to himself the reason—at the words.

"It seems hardly courteous or hospitable to leave you thus," continued the young captain; "but I know you will excuse me, my dear fellow, when I tell you it cannot possibly be helped.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," interrupted Clinton, cordially. "Go by all means. I shall get along well enough in your absence. When do you leave?"

"Immediately after breakfast. It is an affair that cannot be postponed. In fact, I shall not have time even to go and see Helena; but as you will probably be there during the day, you can tell her. Perhaps you will come over to the main land with me?"

"No, I think not," said Herbert, with affected carelessness. "I may go during the course of the day."

"But how? I shall take the boat."

"Oh, with Fritz. He has one, I believe."

"Well, suit yourself. And now I am off. Take care of yourself, my boy, and *au revoir!*"

"Good-by," said Herbert, accompanying him to the door. "Allie and I will keep bachelor's hall till you come back."

Captain Malcolm laughed, and hurried down to the beach; and when he was gone, Herbert arranged his slightly disordered dress and dishevelled locks, and sauntering out, almost mechanically took the road to the cottage.

It came in sight at last, this little, quaint old house, that held all of heaven to him now.

"Shall I enter—shall I thrust myself into temptation?" was his inward thought. "If I look again on this fairy sylph, I am lost!"

He thought of Helena, and her dark, bright, menacing eyes arose before him, as if to warn him back.

"For your honor's sake, for your life's sake, for your soul's sake, go not there!" said the threatening voice of conscience.

THE APPARITION.

"And have I not a right to love whom I please? Why should I offer violence to myself in leaving this bright enchantress for that dark, wild gipsy? Go, go, and be happy," said passion.

And as if to overthrow his last good resolution, the image of Jessie, radiant, dazzling, and beautiful, as he had beheld her first, the bright flush of the fading sunlight, arose in before him, and once again passion conquered.

He approached and entered the cottage.

Mrs. Ben sat near the window, spinning, and singing to herself. Herbert's eyes wandered around in search of another; but bright Jessie was not to be seen.

The widow rose smilingly to welcome her guest, and placed a chair for him near herself; and still Herbert's eyes went wandering round the room.

"She will appear presently," he thought, not yet liking to inquire for her. "What a venerable-looking affair your wheel is, Mrs. Ben," he said, surveying it, with its hard, polished wood and bright brass rings.

"Yes, it's as old as the hills," said Mrs. Ben, resuming her work, "and's been in our family since the flood. I think I've spun on that wheel all the yarn that makes the socks, mittens and comforters for half the country round, besides making sheets, blankets, and lots of other things for ourselves," said Mrs. Ben, with conscious pride.

"You deserve a premium for industry, Mrs. Ben," said Herbert.

"Well, you may be jokin' now, and I dare say you are; but it's true, for all that. Many a true word is spoke in jest, you know," said Mrs. Ben, as her wheel went merrily round. "There ain't many women in this place o' my age and means can do, or does do more work than me, though I say it as didn't ought. I knit, and spin, and sew, wash, brew, bake, sow, and reap, and fifty other things, too numerous to mention, besides. Fritz, if I go out there, I'll put an end to your lazin', you idle, good-for-nothin' vagabone you!" she added breaking off in sudden wrath, as she espied Fritz leaning on the spade with which he should have been digging in the garden.

"You should make Fritz do these things, Mrs. Ben," said Herbert, still impatiently watching the door, and wondering why Jessie did not come.

"Fritz?" said Mrs. Ben, with a short laugh. "Lor-a-massy! he ain't worth his salt. He's the laziest young scapegoat ever any living body was plagued with. I hav'nt a minute's peace with him night nor day; and if scolding was a mite of good, heaven knows he might have been a saint by this time, for he gets enough of it."

Herbert laughed. And in such conversation the morning slipped away—very rapidly to Mrs. Ben, but each moment an hour to our impatient lover. For Jessie was absent still; and a strange reluctance, for which he could not account, still prevented Herbert from asking for her. It was an inward sense of guilt that troubled him; for, feeling toward her as he did, he felt that he had no right even to mention her name.

At last, as in despair he rose to go, Mrs. Ben relieved his mind.

"Jessie will be disappointed at not seeing you," said the old lady, following him out; "she went out for a walk this morning, and hasn't got home yet."

Herbert started at the information, and, inwardly cursing the folly that had detained him so many hours listening to a foolish old woman, he darted off, with a rapidity that quite amazed Mrs. Ben, in the direction of the shore.

"What a confounded fool I have been," he exclaimed, savagely, "to stay there, listening to the way to make butter, and flannel, and beef tea, as if the old beldame thought I was going be somebody's housekeeper, or a female doctress; and all the time this enchanting blue-eyed witch was wandering alone by herself. What an opportunity I have lost! And now, I suppose, I may search for an hour and not find her."

He turned an abrupt angle in the winding path, and stifled a sudden exclamation of surprise and delight. For there before him, reclining on the grass, with half-veiled eyes and soft, musing smile, sat the object of all his thoughts, wishes and desires.

He paused for a moment to contemplate the picture before him; for if Jessie had seemed beautiful when he first beheld her, oh! doubly lovely did she appear now in her attitude of unstudied grace.

Her dress was a loose, light muslin robe, fitting to perfection her rounded waist and swelling bust. Her straw hat lay on the ground beside her, and her golden hair floated, with all its wealth of rippling ringlets, round her ivory throat. How dazzlingly fair looked that smooth, snowy brow, contrasted with the full, crimson lips and delicately flushed cheeks—how enchanting the long, curved lashes, falling over the deep-blue loving eyes—how beautiful that faultless form, that soft, gentle, happy smile of guileless girlhood. Herbert Clinton's breath came and went, quick and short, as he gazed, and his dark eyes filled with a subdued fire.

He advanced toward her. His shadow falling on the grass at her feet was the first token she had of his coming. With a quick, startled cry, she sprang to her feet in terror, but when she saw who it was that stood before her, she stopped short, while the color flushed gloriously in her rounded cheeks. Her first impression was: "He has read my thoughts in my face, and knows I was thinking of him."

"Have I disturbed you, bright Jessie?" he asked, coming nearer.

"Oh, no!" she answered, blushingly. "I was only waiting to rest a little while before going home."

"And dreaming, I perceive," said Herbert; "may I ask of what—of whom?"

"I wasn't dreaming," said Jessie, innocently. "I was wide awake all the time."

"Day-dreaming, I mean," said Clinton, with a smile. "Do you know, fairest Jessie, I have been at your cottage all the morning, waiting to see you?"

"To see me?" said Jessie, with another quick, glad blush.

"And not finding you there, I have come in search of you," he continued.

"And found me," she said, laughing. "If I had known you were coming I should have stayed at home."

"Perhaps it is better as it is, bright one; for I have found you alone. It is very pleasant to have found so fair a companion on this lonely isle."

"Yes, it is a lonely place," said Jessie, mustingly; "and yet I like it better than Straithmore, or any other place I have ever been in. Only I should like always to have a friend with me to talk! and that, you know, I cannot have here. Aunt Ben is always too busy to go out; and Fritz don't care about the trouble of talking, much less that of walking, so I have always to go alone."

"And if he would go, I fancy Master Fritz is hardly the kind of companion Miss Jessie would select," said Herbert.

"Not if I could find any better," said Jessie, with a laugh; "but I have grown so accustomed to being alone now that I do not not mind it at all as I used to."

"And so you are perfectly happy here, fairest Jessie, reigning queen of this fairy isle?"

"Ah, no! beautiful Miss Helena is Queen of the Isle. I am only her most loyal subject," said Jessie, gayly; "you ought to know that, having paid her your allegiance."

"What if I should say that the subject was more lovely than the Queen?" said Herbert in a low voice, and in a tone that brought the hot blood flushing to Jessie's face.

"I should say you were laughing at me, as of course you would be. Certainly, no one would ever think of me while Miss Helena was near. Oh! how I wish she would always stay here, and then I should have a companion."

"Ah, bright one! if I were in her place, what would I not surrender for such a privilege!"

"Would you?" said Jessie, looking at him in unfeigned surprise; "then why not stay? I am sure I should be glad to have you with me always."

Her innocent words, her enticing beauty, her childlike candor, were a strong temptation. For one moment he was about to fall before her, to clasp her in his arms, to hold her there forever, while he breathed forth his mad, passionate love, and told her nothing on earth should ever part them now. But again rose before him the dark, warning face of Helena to allay the fever in his blood. It seemed to him he could see her black, fierce eyes gleaming on them through the trees—he could almost hear her voice, shouting "Traitor!"

All unconscious of the struggle raging in his breast, Jessie stood leaning against a tree, her curved crimson lips half-parted—her blue eyes fixed on a cloud, drifting slowly over the sky, little dreaming of the far darker clouds gathering rapidly now over the horizon of her life.

And still in Herbert's heart went on the struggle. He dared not look at her, as she stood before him, bright, radiant, bewildering—lest the last lingering remains of fidelity and honor should be swept away by the fierce impetuosity of passion in his unstable heart.

But his good angel was in the ascendant still, for at that moment the voice of Fritz was heard calling loudly—

"Jessie! Jessie!"

"Here, Fritz, here I am," she answered, and in another instant honest Fritz stood before them.

"Aunt Ben sent me looking for you," said the young gentleman, rather sulkily; "and I've been tramping this half-hour, while you were taking it easy here," said Fritz, wiping the perspiration from his hot brow.

"It was all my fault, my good Fritz," said Herbert, as Jessie hastily snatched up her hat and basket, and fled, having a just terror of Mrs. Ben's sharp tongue. "Make my excuses to your good aunt, and here is something for yourself."

Fritz's dull face brightened wonderfully as Herbert drew a gold piece from his pocket and pressed it into his hand, and then turned his steps slowly in the direction of Macdonald Castle, thinking all earthly happiness lay centred in the opposite direction.

Mrs. Ben's reproaches fell unheeded for the first time on Jessie's ear that day. She heard not a word of the long lecture delived with more than the good widow's usual eloquence; for she was thinking of another voice, whose lowest tone had power already to thrill to the innermost recesses of her heart. She loved without knowing it, without wishing to define the new, delicious feeling filling her breast, only conscious she had never been so happy before in her life, and longing for the time when she should see him again. Ah! well had it been for her had they never met more.

CHAPTER VII.

"All other passions have their hour of thinking,
And hear the voice of reason. This alone
Sweeps the soul in tempests."

"Well," said old Allie, to her son and heir Evan, as he entered the long, high kitchen of Macdonald Lodge. "I would just like to ken what Mr. Clinton means. I canna understand these new-fangled young men 'tall. First he comes a-courtin' of our Miss Helena, and just as soon as her back's turned, he goes off an' takes up with Miss Jessie."

"'Taint no business of yours," said Evan, gruffly. "I should think Mr. Clinton knows what he's about."

"Yes; but I ought to tell Miss Helena 'bout it. If he is her beau, he oughtn't to be takin' up with Miss Jessie."

"Better let Miss Helena look after her own beau," replied her dutiful son. "How do ye know he's a-courtin' Miss Jessie?"

"'Cause I saw them—yes I did—last night, down on the shore. The moon was shinin' as bright as a new pin—an' I took that litter o' kittens down to the shore to drown, when I saw Mr. Clinton a-walkin' along with Miss Jessie, and he had his head stooped down, just, so"—and Aunt Allie ducked her head to illustrate it—"and was whisperin' soft stuff—just as folks do when they're in love."

"Well, what then?" asked Evan, growing interested.

"Well, they come up an' saw me, an' lor, lor! I just wish you saw the look Mr. Clinton give me. Appeared as if he'd a liked to knocked my head off. But I wasn't afraid, 'dead I wasn't; so I jes' stood still and drapped a courtesy, an' Miss Jessie she got red up to the roots of her hair. 'Good evenin', sir, and young miss,' sez I, 'don't be afraid; I only wants to drown these yer little kittens,' sez I, for I thought as I might be polite just as well as not."

"'Oh, how are you, Allie?' says Miss Jessie, a laughin' and blushin'; 'how is Evan and yer rheumatiz these times?'

"'Thank you, miss,' sez I, 'they's pretty well, both of them.' And then Mr. Clinton he pulled her arm right through his and marched her off with him; an' then I pitched the kittens right in the water and come home."

"Well, that wasn't much," said the skeptical Evan. "They might be walkin' on the beach, but that ain't by no means courtin'. Mr. Clinton walks with her 'cause Miss Helena's gone, an' he ain't got nobody else to talk to."

"Just so; but that ain't all," said old Allie. "This very mornin', as I was passin' through the hall, the sittin'-room door was open, and I heard voices talkin' there; so I listened and speered in, an' there was Mr. Clinton, rampin' up and down, a talking to hisself."

"Well, that ain't nothin'," said the still contradictory Evan. "I've heard that Fritz talk to hisself when Mrs. Ben sent him out to work; an' he ain't in love with no one."

"But listen, honey, and don't you be puttin' me out so, 'cause it's no respectful—'deed it ain't," said old Allie, getting slightly indignant. "As I was sayin', I clapt my ear to the door, an' I heerd him sayin', just as plain as nothin' 'tall: 'O enchanting, bewildering Jessie! if I had never met you I might yet be happy!' Then what did he say that for if he wasna' in love?"

This last was a settler. Evan felt that his mother had the best of the argument, and unwilling to seem defeated, he went out, leaving the old lady to enjoy her triumph.

Three days had passed since the departure of Helena, and certainly Herbert's conduct seemed to justify old Allie's suspicions. Unable to break the thrall which bound him, wishing, yet unable, to fly from the spell of the enchantress, he lingered still by her side. There was shame, dishonor, sin, in remaining; but, oh, there was death, misery and desolation in going. All worldly considerations, her unknown birth, her obscure connections, her lowly rank, were swept away like walls of cobweb before the fierce torrent of passion that overwhelmed, conquered every other feeling in its impetuous tide.

And she loved him, this angel of beauty, this fairy princess of the isle. He could see it in the quick flush of joy at his approach—the quick, burning glances shot from her beautiful eyes, more quickly averted when they met his—her low, impassioned tones, her bright, beautiful blushes. There was joy, there was rapture, in the thought; and yet, unless he forgot honor, vows, all that should have been sacred, what did this love avail?

And so, like a tempest-tossed bark on a tempest-tossed sea, he strove with passion and honor, love and remorse, right and wrong.

Once only, fearing lest her suspicions might be aroused by his absence, he had visited Helena, whose rapturous greeting and confiding love made him feel far more of a villain than ever. He looked forward with dread to the period of her return, fearing for the discovery of his falsity; but more than all fearing for the effects of her fierce wrath on Jessie, knowing well what must be the strength of Helena's lion passions when unchained.

And so, when Mrs. M'Calmont proposed that Helena should remain with her another week, instead of returning to the dreary isle, instead of feeling irritated now, he backed the proposal, saying that perhaps it would be better for her to do so, more especially during her brother's absence.

And Helena, in her deep love and woman's trust, suspecting nothing, fearing nothing, consented, to the inward joy and sincere relief of her false lover.

Resolving to visit her frequently, and so allay any suspicions that his absence might give rise to, Herbert Clinton returned to the island and to Jessie, yielding himself without further effort to the witching spell of her love.

Mrs. Ben suspected nothing of the clandestine courting carried on under her very eyes. It was the most natural thing in the world, she thought, that, in the absence of Helena and her brother, the young man should spend whole days with them; for it was not pleasant having no one to talk to but a couple of servants, as she very well knew. Then it was not to be wondered at that he preferred talking and walking with Jessie to any of the rest; for she was "book-l'arned," like himself, which neither she nor Fritz was. She did wonder a little, sometimes, and said as much to Jessie, why he should stay on the island at all, in the absence of the other.

"But, I suppose," was always her conclusion, "it's because it's Miss Helena's home, and for her sake he stays there until she comes."

But Jessie, though she only blushed and was silent, was of a different opinion—one that she would scarcely own to her own heart. As to his being in love with Jessie, Mrs. Ben would have scouted the idea with scorn and unbelief had she heard it. Every circumstance was against such a conclusion.

He was rich, highly connected, and proud as a prince of the blood; she was poor, unknown, and compared with him, uneducated. Besides, in the good widow's opinions, she was a child in feeling, as she certainly was in years, scarcely knowing the meaning of the word love.

Ah, she had been till he came, and his fervid, impassioned words, his burning glances his thrilling touch, had swept away the glamor of childhood and simplicity, and revealed to her the passionate woman's heart within her. His words, his looks, his tones were all new revelations to the artless island maiden, changing her, as if by magic, from a child to a woman. She revered him as the embodiment of all that was brave, generous, and noble; worshipped him as a god; and loved him with all the affection of her fresh young heart, with all the ardor of a first deep love.

As yet, she knew not whether that love was returned; for unfaithful as he was in thought to Helena, passion had not yet so totally conquered his reason as to make him sin in words. He had never said, "Jessie, I love you;" but, ah, how often had his eyes said this, and much more; and how long would even this slight barrier stand before the fiery impetuosity of unstable youth?

And so that day passed, and the next, and the next, and the next, and with every passing hour the temptation grew stronger, and harder to be resisted. Matters must come to a crisis now, or never. Helena, in a day or two, would be home, and this wild frenzy of his could be hidden no longer. If she should come, as matters stood now, all would be lost.

And thus, torn between conflicting emotions, Herbert sought Jessie, on the day before Helena was expected home, with the determination of bringing this struggle to an end then and there.

It was a glorious August afternoon. The island wore its bright dress of green, and nestled in the blue shining river like an emerald set in sapphire. The birds in the deep forest were filling the air with their melody, and the odor of the wild roses came floating softly on the summer breeze.

But Herbert Clinton was in no mood to admire the beauties of nature. The morning had been spent in pacing up and down his room, hesitating, resolving, doubting, wishing, yet undecided still. For when duty and principle would appear for a moment victorious, the waving golden hair, the blue, beautiful eyes, and gentle, loving face of Jessie would arise before him, scattering all his good resolutions to the winds. And mingled with this, there was a sort of superstitious foreboding of evil to come. He thought of his dream, and of the yellow-haired syren luring him on to destruction, and of Helena, fiery daughter of a fiery race, fierce, vindictive, and implacable in her wrongs.

"Oh, that I had never met this dark, passionate girl," he murmured, distractedly, "who now stands between me and the heaven of my dreams; or would that I had seen this beautiful, enchanting Jessie first! Oh, for that angel as my wife! And but for those fatal vows once made to Helena she might be mine. I was mad, crazed, to mistake my fancy for that dark, wild-eyed girl for love! And now, for that one mistake, am I to be wretched for life? Shall I give up this beautiful, radiant creature, who loves me, for one I care for no longer? No; the struggle is past. Jessie shall be my bride, and I will brave the worst that may follow."

He set his teeth hard; and as if fearing second reflection might make him change his mind, he left the house, and hurried out to meet Jessie.

Down by the shore, under the shade of an overhanging willow, he knew Jessie had a favorite seat, where on pleasant days she used to take her work. Here he was sure of finding her, and in this direction he bent his steps.

She sat sewing under the shade of the drooping willow, singing softly to herself, and looking like some sylvan goddess of a sylvan scene, or some beautiful sea-nymph just arisen from her grotto of coral and crystal.

Radiant and bewildering was the smile and blush with which she welcomed him—a smile and blush that might have been found too strong even for more potent principles than his.

He seated himself beside her with a look of moody abstraction all unusual with him,

watching her covertly from under his eyelashes, as she bent smiling and happy over her work.

For a time, Jessie chatted gayly on various commonplace matters; but at last, catching her tone from his, she, too, grew silent and thoughtful. She bent lower over her work, wondering if she had offended him, and involuntarily sighed.

He heard it, and said—

"And wherefore that sigh? Are you unhappy?"

"No, not unhappy; but troubled."

"And why should you be troubled, bright one? What can there be to grieve one so fair?"

"I—I—feared I had offended you," she answered, timidly. "You appear out of spirits."

"You offend me, gentle one—you who never offended any one in your life? No, no, it is not that."

"Then you are unhappy?" she said, shyly.

"Yes, I am miserable—wretched!" he cried, vehemently. "I wish to heaven I had never been born!"

"Oh, Mr. Clinton, what has happened?" she cried, laying her hand on his, and looking up wistfully in his face.

Her touch, her tone, her look, swept away every remaining trace of fidelity. He forgot everything he should have remembered—his vows, his honor, his truth—and saw nothing but the bright, radiant, bewildering vision before him. In an instant he was on his knees at her feet, exclaiming, with impassioned vehemence—

"Jessie, Jessie, my life, my dream, my hope, I love you! See, I am at your feet, where my heart, my name, my fortune, long have been. With my whole heart, and soul, and life, and being, I love you with a love stronger than death or the grave. All the devotion and hopes of my life I offer you, if you can only say you love me."

He was pale and panting; his eyes were fierce and burning, his tones low, thrilling, and passionate.

Trembling, shrinking, blushing, yet with with a deep, intense, fervent joy thrilling through all her heart and being, Jessie listened. The blood swept in torrents to her face, neck, and bosom, which rose and fell with her rapid breathing. She dared not look up to meet his ardent, burning gaze.

"Jessie, Jessie, my love, my life, look up—speak—answer me! Tell me that you love me!"

Still no reply, only those downcast eyes, deepest blushes, and quick, hurried breathing.

"Speak, speak, my beautiful love! Only one word from those sweet lips—but one touch of your dear hand, to tell me I may live!" he cried, growing more wild and impassioned.

With a low, glad cry of intense joy, she buried her blushing face on his shoulder.

"Thanks—my heart's thanks—for this, sweetest, loveliest Jessie!" he cried, with exultant joy, pressing her yielding form to his bounding heart. "My life, with all its hopes, energies, and ambitions, shall be devoted to but one purpose now—that of rewarding you for your priceless love."

"Oh, Mr. Clinton, your love is all the reward I ask," she said, in the deep, earnest voice of perfect trust.

"Not Mr. Clinton now, sweetest Jessie. I am Herbert to you now and forever. Let me always hear that name in music from your lips, and earth has no higher boon in store for me."

"But, oh, can you love me thus—me, a poor little, nameless, uncultured girl, while you are rich, distinguished, and highly connected? O Herbert! will you not some day repent this choice—you who might win the highest and fairest in the land?"

"Repent! never—never! Perish my heart if it ever admit of any love but thine; palsied be my arm if it ever encircle any form but this; accursed be my lips if they ever perjure the words I have spoken now; lost forever be my soul when it is false to thee," he cried, with passionate vehemence.

"O, Herbert dearest, hush! I do not doubt you—heaven forbid! I should die if I thought you could be false to me."

"Speak not of death; it is not for such as you, bright, beautiful Jessie. And now only one thing is wanting to make me the happiest of men."

She lifted her radiant face with a look of earnest inquiry.

"Jessie, one little word from you, and ere the sun rises on a new day my joy will be complete—my cup of earthly happiness will be filled to the brim."

Still the same earnest, anxious gaze.

"Dearest love, you will not refuse? It will be but a small matter to you, and will make me supremely blessed."

"And that?" she inquired, wonderingly.

"Brightest Jessie, be my bride—my wife!" he cried, folding her closer in his arms, and speaking in a thrilling whisper.

Again the eloquent blood swept over her stainless neck and bosom, but she did not reply.

"You will not refuse me, my own Jessie, this last greatest favor? Comply now—today; for if the present opportunity passes, it may never occur again."

"But how—how can we be wedded here?" she said, shyly, lifting her eyes to his impassioned ones, and dropping them in brightest blushes.

"Jessie, yonder lies a boat; it is three hours to sunset. Long before that time we can reach Craig's End. There we can find a clergyman, and there you can become my own for life."

"But it is so soon—so sudden," she faltered; "and Aunt Ben—she will never consent."

"She would not consent any way, fairest Jessie. She would say you were too young—too far in social position beneath me. She would not believe my intentions honorable. In short, dearest, she would raise a thousand objections, and the end would be that we should be parted forever."

"O Herbert! it would not be so bad as that; if you explained it all to her I think she would consent. Aunt Ben is good and kind, and loves me, and would do anything to make me happy."

"That may be, brightest Jessie; but that very love she has for you, and her wish to make you happy, would cause her to hesitate. For she would repeat the old senseless saying, 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure,' and think the best way to make us both happy would be to postpone our marriage for years to come."

"But this secret marriage, it seems wrong—sinful. O Herbert! my soul revolts from it! If I could only tell Aunt Ben!" cried Jessie, imploringly.

"When the proper time comes, dearest love, she shall know, and all the world shall behold my beautiful bride. But until then you must have confidence in me and wait."

"But, oh, I have such a presentiment of what may follow, Herbert—such a cloud seems to enshroud this secret marriage, that my very soul shrinks from it in fear."

"Jessie," he said, drawing back, and speaking in a deeply offended tone, "you do not love me!"

She raised her bright, beautiful eyes, so full of love and devotion, but did not speak. No words could have told such a tale of perfect, intense love, as did that quick, eloquent glance.

"You do not love me," he went on, in the same deeply hurt tone; "you have no confidence in me, no trust, no faith. I have given you my reasons—good and valid to any one else, but of no avail with you. If you cared for me you would be content to wait with perfect trust in my love; but I see you will not trust me. Be it so; there remains nothing for me but to leave you forever."

"O Herbert!" was all she could say, as her voice was choked in tears.

"I thought I had found an artless, loving, trusting girl," he went on, with increased bitterness; "but I have found one who will not yield in the slightest iota, lest she should compromise herself in the eyes of the world; who fears what it will say of her more than she loves me. Farewell, Jessie! We have met for the last time. Since you care for your aunt more than for me, I leave you to her."

He arose coldly and haughtily to go.

"O Herbert, do not leave me!" was her passionate cry. "I will do anything, be anything you ask, only do not leave me in anger."

"Will you be my wife?"

"Yes!"

"To-night?"

"Oh, yes! To-night, and forever."

"My own gentle love" he whispered, pressing her fondly in his arms, "will you go and get ready, and return to me here in a quarter of an hour?"

"But what shall I say to Aunt Ben? How account for my absence?"

"Leave that to me, dearest. In a few minutes I will follow you to the cottage, and ask her to let you take a sail with me on the river by moonlight. She will not refuse me."

"As you will," said Jessie, turning toward her home.

While Herbert, triumphant, exulting, and dizzy with joy, descended to the beach to prepare the boat.

CHAPTER VIII.

> But soft: behold! lo, where it comes again!
> I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
> If thou hast any sound, or use a voice,
> Speak to me! *Shakspeare.*

Fickle fortune, that often favors the wrong and erring, certainly smiled on the lovers that day. For scarcely had Jessie entered the house, when Mrs. Ben came bustling out, in deep distress, saying, in heart-rending tones—

"What is to be done? This five and forty year, rain or shine, I've had a cup o' tea for breakfast, and now there ain't any in the house. I just know as well as if somebody told me that I shall be fit for nothin' to-morrow, when I ain't got a cup o' tea for my breakfast; and there's no use trying to make that good-for-nothin' Fritz go for any to-night. It always was my lot to have the most dreadful bad luck; but I never thought things would come to such a pass as this. S'cat, you hussy!"

And Mrs. Ben gave the cat a kick, which was her usual way of winding up an address.

"Aunt Ben," said Jessie, "let me go."

"You! Are you crazy? How are you goin' to go?"

"Mr. Clinton is going over to Craig's End this evening, and he wanted me to go with him," said Jessie, turning away to hide a rising blush. "I can easily get it there."

"So you can," said Mrs. Ben, considering; "but will Mr. Clinton return early?"

"Yes," said Jessie; "he has some slight business to transact, and then he is coming immediately home. The sail will be pleasant by moonlight, and I'd like to go."

"Well, go then; and don't be gone any longer than you can help. Get two pound's of Bohea at Mr. M'Pherson's."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jessie, taking the money, and putting on her hat and shawl, in a trembling, agitated sort of way that at any other time Mrs. Ben must have noticed.

She hurried out, and on her way met Herbert coming up to the house.

"Well, has Mrs. Ben given you permission!" he asked, in pleased surprise.

Jessie related her errand.

"The gods favor us!" he cried, gayly. "See, Jessie, the sun is approaching the west, and before it dies out of the sky you will be what heaven has destined you for—my wife!"

"And to be that for an hour is bliss enough to repay a whole life of misery," she said, earnestly.

"My own Jessie! Will I ever be able to repay you for this greatest earthly blessing that Heaven could bestow upon me," he said, fervently.

"The knowledge of your love more than repays me; for I have made no sacrifice," she said, in a low tone.

They had now reached the boat. He handed her in, pushed off the boat, took the oars, and rowed away.

But other eyes they dreamed not of were upon them. From one of the windows of the high chambers of Macdonald's Lodge, old Allie and her son Evan were taking observations.

"There they go—off a-sailin'. What will Miss Helena say to that?" observed the scandalized and indignant old Allie.

"Goin' out sailin' doesn't signify nothin'. The young gentleman wants somebody to talk to as he rows."

"'Tain't right," said old Allie, with an oracular shake of her head; "there's something wrong somewhere. Don't b'lieve Miss Helena would 'prove of it nohow; these young men ain't to be trusted now-a-days."

"It's nat'ral Mr. Clinton would get tired o' one lassie—most young men do—and take up with another, for a change. I'd do it myself," concluded Evan, in a pompous tone.

"You would?" said his mother, in high dudgeon; "as if any lassie'd look at you, you fool. Mr. Clinton will get hisself into a hornet's nest if he trifles with the affections of Miss Helena. I shall take upon myself to inform Miss Helena of his goings-on as soon as ever she arrives. There!"

And having thus settled the matter to her entire satisfaction, old Allie descended to the kitchen, and soon forgot all sublunary things in the celestial bliss of a sound snore by the kitchen fire.

Meantime, the erring young pair were swiftly skimming over the bright waters in the direction of Straithmore. The labor of rowing precluded the possibility of conversation, and both were silent and thoughtful. Urged on by his intense desire of completing what he had so successfully begun—urged on, perhaps, by Fate, the boat seemed fairly to fly over the sparkling, sun-bright waves.

Ere the last ray of sunlight had faded from the sky the boat touched the opposite shore; and drawing Jessie's arm within his own, Herbert set off rapidly in the direction of the town of Craig's End.

And having reached it, he led Jessie in the direction of a little, obscure church, while he left her to seek for a license and the clergyman.

In a short time he returned with both; and without making any unnecessary inquiries the clergyman hastened through the marriage ceremony, with only an old clerk and pew-opener as witnesses, and in a few moments the passion-blinded young couple were man and wife. Then hastily paying the clergyman his fee, Herbert led his bride from the church.

"My bride! my wife! my own forever now!" he cried, with sudden, passionate exultation, folding her to his heart.

But just then, with a sharp, piercing cry of thrilling horror, Jessie sprang back, frightfully pale, with dilating eyes and choking breath, gasping, stifling, suffocating.

"In the name of heaven, what is the matter, my own Jessie?" he cried, in wonder and alarm.

But, pressing her hands over her heart, she sunk dizzily on the church steps, pale, gasping, trembling, horror-stricken still.

"Jessie! Jessie! dearest love! what is it?" he said, anxiously, encircling her with his arm.

"Oh, the doom, the doom!" she said, shudderingly, hiding her face on his arm.

"What doom? Of what are you speaking, sweet wife?" he inquired, in increasing anxiety.

She rose now, and passed her hand over her brow, as if to clear away a mist. Then, seeing his pale, troubled face, she recovered herself, and forced a smile.

"Dearest Jessie, what was it?" he anxiously asked.

"O, Herbert! you will laugh at me; but I felt it all, I saw it all so plainly," she said, weeping.

"Saw what? Felt what? I do not understand," he said, puzzled by her look and words.

"Those eyes! those eyes! and that fierce grasp on my throat, and the keen knife! Ah, heaven! I feel it yet."

And she shuddered convulsively.

"Are you raving, Jessie? In heaven's name what eyes, what knife, are you speaking of?" he said, beginning to think she had lost her reason.

"Oh, Herbert! Herbert! just as you folded me in your arms, and called me your wife, *Helena Macdonald's fierce, wild, black eyes arose before me, glaring on me like burning coals, and then I felt two strong hands clutch my throat, and a knife plunged into my breast!* Oh, saints in Heaven! it rises before me yet!"

"Jessie, you are mad!" he said, vehemently; but the ashen paleness that overspread his face told the sudden shock the name of Helena had given him.

In all the terror, horror, and momentary frenzy of that instant the fear of his displeasure conquered every other feeling in her breast. Shaking off with an effort the creeping dread that was palsying every nerve, she clung to his arm with renewed confidence, and said, with a deep breath of relief,

"I believe I was for the moment, Herbert; but that has passed now. You are not angry with me, dearest Herbert?" she said, anxiously, observing the cloud that still overspread his fine face.

"Angry! Not at all," he said, gravely. "Only sorry and surprised to think you should give way to such extraordinary delusions."

"Oh, Herbert, it was not a delusion. I saw it all as plainly as I see you now. Oh, those dreadful, dreadful eyes! They will haunt me to my dying day!"

"Do not think of it again, my own love, and do not look so wild," he said, soothingly. "Come, let us be going. The moon will soon rise, and it will be late before we reach the isle."

"And Aunt Ben will be anxious," said Jessie. "And that reminds me of her commission, which I had nearly forgotten. When we reach the shop you can wait outside. I will join you in a moment."

The moon was just rising when they set sail for the isle, which Jessie had left a child, and was returning a wife. Ah, where was their better angel in that dark moment of madness and temptation?

Tempted by the beauty of the night, our lovers prolonged their stroll over the beach. At length, as it began to grow late, Jessie, fearing Mrs. Ben or Fritz might come out to watch for her coming, persuaded Herbert to let her return.

They walked up the rocky, romantic path, whispering those low and often foolish things, so sweet to lovers' ears when coming from the lips of the loved one. A light still twinkled in the widow's cottage, casting a long, thin line of yellow light far over the lonely road; but no other sign of life was visible.

Jessie's blue eyes were bent on the ground, and Herbert's stately head was bent above her, when, suddenly looking up, he beheld a sight which froze the blood in his veins.

From the dark, mystic pine-woods a white-robed figure came floating toward them. One glance sufficed to tell him it was the strange vision that had bent over him a few nights before. There was the same hollow, rayless eyes, the same wild, streaming black hair, the same ghastly, corpse-like face, with its fixed look of unutterable woe.

It was coming steadfastly toward them, this awful phantom. Herbert stood fixed, rooted to the ground, gazing as if fascinated on the appalling spectre. His next thought was for Jessie. He glanced toward her to see her face blanched to the hue of death, her eyes dilating in horror, fixed, frozen, unable to speak a word, one hand raised, and one flickering finger pointing to the dread being approaching.

Neither could move nor speak. Still the phantom floated on till it stood before them face to face. For an instant it paused, with its hollow eyes glaring upon them; then, with an awful cry of "Murdered! Murdered!" that pealed through the dim old woods, it threw up both its arms, and with a shrill, piercing, agonizing shriek, fled away and was hid among the beetling rocks.

The hand that grasped Herbert's arm was growing weaker and weaker, there was a low moan, and he turned in time to catch the senseless form of his child-wife in his arms.

The wild, unearthly scream had startled Mrs. Ben. Alarmed and wondering, she cautiously opened the door, and went out. And there she saw Herbert Clinton with the senseless form of Jessie in his arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ We do not profess to fathom the depths of meanness which human nature may reach when it dives with all its might, but it seems hardly possible that it can get lower than this: At Macon, Miss., the grave of a child was recently plundered, the plate and handles of the coffin being wrenched off, and the coffin itself left lying near by. Hyenas and jackals are eminently respectable beside the perpetrators of such a deed.

☞ The courage and resolution of a bull is something magnificent—but there are things that will bring him down. One of these ferocious animals lately attacked a locomotive under full headway at Pine Island, and there wasn't enough left of him to make a dinner for a blind puppy. This unfortunate bull might serve to point a moral and adorn a tale.

☞ There are women, at least "down East," who can take care of themselves. A resolute matron near Biddeford, Me., heard a man prowling about her premises in the night, and instead of screaming or lying still "distilled almost to a jelly with the act of fear," she got up, took him by the collar and kicked him out of doors. Finding that he was still hanging around, she dressed herself and went out and drove him away with a long stick. That kind don't need any votes to protect their rights with.

☞ A woman, an infant, and a bottle of milk, caused a great commotion on an Indiana train, the other day, when it was running at the rate of forty miles an hour. The bottle dropped out of the window, the mother frantically pulled the bell-cord, stopped the train, and wanted the conductor to go back after the babe's lost sustenance. The brute didn't go.

☞ An exchange says: "This is the fifth trout caught this year from the same 'hole,' the total weight of which is six pounds." "Good," says the Ottawa Citizen, "now we know what a hole weighs."

☞ Iowa has an unfortunate jury; a man who weighs 403 pounds sits on it.

☞ No married man in Illinois can get his "tod" without the following "permit" from his wife: "Permission is hereby granted by me, the lawful wife of ——, and I declare and witness by my own signature, that my husband has the perfect right and liberty to drink, and as often as he chooses to drink, and what he chooses to drink, and I hereby relinquish all claims arising therefrom."

THE MUTILATED HAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY E. M. MITCHELL.

It was August. New York seemed to be stifling with heat. Not a drop of rain had fallen for six weeks, the sky glowed like a furnace, streets were scorched and dusty, trees withering, and even the people one met had a wilted aspect. I took a sudden resolve, packed my portemanteau, and started for Saratoga, leaving business to take care of itself.

I put up, as usual, at the —— House. Dinner was nearly over when I arrived. After brushing off a little of the dust, I went into the dining-room. Some of my fellow-travellers were there, and a few other persons, but no one I knew. The steward beckoned me to a seat, and, as I took it, I noticed a gentleman at the other end of the table eyeing me with eager scrutiny. He was a remarkable looking man, with an oddly projecting forehead, and eyes set far back in his head that glowed like balls of fire. My curiosity was aroused by the fact that he used his right hand altogether, and kept the other carefully concealed. This mystery puzzled me, and I watched him closely, but unobserved, throughout the meal. As he rose to go, I discovered the secret, for through an inadvertent movement his left hand was visible, and I saw that it was mutilated, the thumb and forefinger gone.

Dinner over, I went into the office to look at the register. I found there the names of several friends and acquaintances, and of ever so many strangers, but paused at a recent entry—Count Rumbello—attracted by the peculiar handwriting.

"He is a Frenchman," said the clerk, answering my look of inquiry, "and was wounded in the hand during the late war. It's a sore point with him, and he's more sensitive about the loss of that thumb and forefinger than if it were an arm or a leg."

It was the man I had seen at dinner then, and I don't know why, but at the mention of him I felt a thrill of dread and apprehension. I hadn't time to analyze the feeling, for at that instant Tom Marshall came up, and shook my hand heartily, exclaiming, "When did you come, old fellow, and how did you leave the folks in New York?"

I answered his questions, and asked others in return, and after a little talk, we went out together for a stroll. On the piazza were a number of my friends and acquaintances, and among others Mr. Van Alston, a white-haired old gentleman, who had recently taken to himself a young wife.

"Have you seen her?" said I to Tom, as we passed down the steps and out of hearing.

"Seen her? Seen who?" he asked in a puzzled way.

"Van Alston's wife."

"Yes," and I thought he sneered slightly. "She's beautiful, but cold as an iceberg. You'll meet her at the ball to-night. She's greatly admired, but never flirts or gives Van Alston the least occasion for jealousy. I don't think he's happy though, for he watches her uneasily, and in a strange sort of way that has something of fear in it. Count Rumbello is her shadow just now, but she treats him with even more indifference than the others."

Why was it that a shiver ran through me again at the mention of that name? "Let me see," said I, "didn't I hear she was a poor girl when Van Alston married her?"

"Not only that, but there was a sort of mystery as to her antecedents, and more than one thought her an adventuress."

"Indeed, I never heard of it before. But one wouldn't think that Van Alston could endure to have the least shadow of suspicion rest on the woman he loved. He used to be extremely fastidious in such matters."

"Ah, yes, but he was blinded and infatuated, and she knew just what springs to touch, and how to move him. They were married in a month after their first acquaintance, and were engaged half that time."

At this point of our conversation, who should come up the walk but the woman we were talking of, and with her Count Rumbello. I had never seen her, but Tom whispered excitedly, "There she is, and that is the French count with her. Take a good look at them both, and tell me what you think."

She was a tall, fair woman, with blue eyes and hair that took a bronze tint in the sun. Her eyes were beautiful, and it was impossible to believe that either coldness or cruelty lurked in their tranquil depths. But the mouth could not keep its secrets so well, for though the teeth were white and perfect, the lips red and full, there was an expression only half hidden by their lines and curves that affected one unpleasantly. What it was would have been hard to define, but that it was there you were certain. You felt intuitively that this woman was not to be trusted, and at the same time were fascinated by the beauty and charm of her manner.

I looked more closely at her companion. Count Rumbello, than I had hitherto done. His face was thin and dark, but there was nothing in it to account for the repulsion with which he inspired me. He was talking in a low voice to Mrs. Van Alston, and she listened with apparent indifference, but I fancied that beneath this I detected other feelings, and that she was more interested than she cared to show. As for him, one could not but see that he admired her and that a faint touch of something like contempt was mingled with his admiration. Yet his manner toward her was deferential, and full of respect, and I could not understand this seeming contradiction.

They passed on, and Tom turned to me. "Well, now, give us your opinion of Mrs. Van Alston. I've told you mine."

But I put him off with a vague reply, for though she impressed me disagreeably, I could give no reason for it, and felt loath to discuss the subject with him. Other friends coming up soon afterward diverted his attention, but in the midst of the conversation that followed, my thoughts reverted continually to Van Alston's wife and the French count, and I fancied them linked together by some mysterious tie. You will wonder, perhaps, that I took such an interest in two persons whom I had never seen before, but as a lawyer I had learned to read faces, and knew that the most insignificant actions, if rightly interpreted, often reveal a man's true character. And there was that in this French count that baffled even me, and aroused, not only my curiosity, but a certain feeling of dislike and suspicion.

I went to the ball that evening, and was introduced to Mrs. Van Alston by her husband. She was looking very lovely, yet flushed and excited. There was a bright red spot on each cheek, and her eyes glittered strangely. She seemed an entirely different creature from the woman I had seen with Count Rumbello. All her composure of manner had disappeared, and in place of it was a peculiar nervousness that apparently astonished her husband no less than myself. He looked at her anxiously once or twice, and as I thought, a little distrustfully. Seeing this, she evidently put a constraint upon herself, and tried to appear interested in our conversation.

"By the way, what became of that woman you defended last spring?" he asked, suddenly. "The one who was accused of poisoning her husband?"

"Oh, she was acquitted, went to California, and is married again," answered I, and I don't know how it happened, but at that instant I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Van Alston's face, and was fairly frightened at its ghastly look.

I almost thought it an illusion, though, when she said a moment afterward in a cool even voice, "Pray, sir, what were the particulars of the case? I don't think I heard of it."

"Oh, yes, you did," said her husband, and he mentioned the names of the parties. "They were people who moved in the first society, and the affair created a great deal of excitement at the time it occurred. I had heard of her acquittal, but didn't know she was re-married. Her second husband can't be accused of cowardice certainly. There was a lover mixed up in the case. Is he thrown overboard?"

"You mean Richard Godfrey?"

"Yes."

"He is the man she married."

"Good heavens! you don't say so," and Mr. Van Alston looked horrified. "The woman must have been guilty then."

"Does that necessarily follow?" said his wife, sharply. "She had as good a right to marry him as any one else."

"I'm not talking of her right," answered he, "but of the construction one is forced to place upon it."

"And that is an uncharitable one, of course," she replied. "Why, what more would you have? The woman was tried and acquitted, and has proved her innocence to the satisfaction of judge and jury; are we to throw doubts on it now?"

She spoke with energy and vehemence, but her husband made no answer, for he was looking in a strange, intent way at Count Rumbello, who was approaching from the other side of the room.

"There is a man that at the same time fascinates and repels me," he muttered, more to himself than to us. "A man that has led an eventful life, too, if everything was known, I feel confident."

Mrs. Van Alston started slightly at these last words, or else I fancied it. The next moment Count Rumbello joined us. I was introduced, and we all plunged into an animated conversation. For the Frenchman was a brilliant talker, and his slight accent only made what he said more piquant and interesting. He knew how to draw out what was best in others, too, and my distrust seemed to vanish as by magic in his presence. I could not conceive why I had been so prejudiced against him at first.

Later in the evening an incident happened that again turned the current of my feelings. I was standing in the embrasure of a window, half concealed by the curtain, when the count and Mrs. Van Alston passed me.

"If you not more careful," I heard him say in a low, threatening voice, "he find out everything. He look strange at me to-night, he suspect something now. What for you tremble, Julie?"

"Would to God I had died," she answered, bitterly, "before I hearkened to your evil counsels."

"Why you not thought of that before?" he sneered, and looked around warily; but I shrank back into the shadows, and he did not see me. "You say just one little word, and I tell these people what fine woman you are."

"No, no," she gasped. Then followed more that I could not distinguish. But enough had been said to make me certain that my friend Van Alston had been victimized by these two. What could I do in the matter though? Would my interference be of any use, unless I knew more than I did at present? I thought it over, and concluded to keep silent awhile at least. Oh! how I wished afterward that I had spoken, and warned him of the danger that was impending. But even that might not have averted the final catastrophe.

The ball broke up at one o'clock, and I went to bed, but not to sleep. I was excited by what I had heard, and my brain busied itself with conjectures as to the past lives of Count Rumbello and Mrs. Van Alston. It was in vain that I tried to drive these thoughts away, for they continually reappeared under different forms, and threatened to keep me awake all night.

A little after three o'clock the wind began to blow violently, and going to the window I saw that a storm was coming up. There were vivid flashes of lightning, followed by heavy peals of thunder, and at last came one, nearer and louder than all the rest, and afterward—was I mistaken, or was that a woman's shriek, shrill and terrible? I stood and listened, but heard nothing further save the wind and thunder, when suddenly the whole sky was lit up by a broad glare of lightning, and a man's form stood out in full relief against the window opposite mine. Only his back was visible, and an arm and hand lifted as if to strike; but what excited me was the fact that the thumb and forefinger of the latter were gone, and that it looked blood-red in that strange light. After a minute's reflection though, I convinced myself that there was nothing extraordinary in the apparition, for the room was doubtless Count Rumbello's; and as to the gesture—lightning works strange freaks, and might have made what was ordinary and commonplace look peculiar. It was not long before the storm began to abate; and though I watched and waited, the opposite window was not again lit up. Finally I went back to bed, and this time fell into a deep and profound slumber.

The sun was shining into the room when I awoke, and out in the hall I heard a strange confusion of voices, and among others those of Tom Marshall and Count Rumbello. At first I could not distinguish what they were saying—but as I sprang out of bed, these words reached me, clear and distinct."

"'Twas murder, sir, and not suicide. Van Alston did not die by his own hand, but by the bloody one of an assassin."

Great Heavens! did I hear aright? The speaker was Tom Marshall; but it was Count Rumbello who replied,

"You mistake, I think. What for one kill him? His money all safe—his watch too; and his wife say he talk strange last night, and look himself up in his room. How one murderer get in there then?"

"Through the window, perhaps."

"No, no, they locked on inside, too."

By this time I had my clothes on, and opening the door, said excitedly,

"For God's sake, tell me what has happened. Is Van Alston murdered?"

"He was found dead in his room this morning," answered Tom—and he looked very grave and sorrowful, as he said it. "His wife had called him several times, but without any answer, and becoming alarmed, had one of the porters break open his door. There he lay, stretched out on a lounge, stabbed to the heart, and in such a position as led to the inference that he had killed himself. The bloody dagger that did the deed was stamped with his initials—his money and watch were untouched—and there were no signs of any one having entered the room. In fact, as Count Rumbello has assured himself, the doors and windows were locked on the inside, so that the question is—how did the murderer enter, and how escape?"

"If there was a murderer in the case," said I, with a quick, penetrating look at Count Rumbello.

"Exactly so," replied he, with a low bow. "But I see not how such thing possible."

Not a muscle nor an eyelash quivered beneath my searching gaze; and of all who stood around he was by far the calmest and most self-possessed.

"What does Mrs. Van Alston think?" I asked. "Have any of you seen her."

"She is perfectly frantic," Tom replied, "but leans to the theory of suicide rather than of murder, judging from her broken exclamations."

"Then she and Count Rumbello are of the same opinion," and I threw into these words a great deal of meaning and emphasis.

A livid pallor overspread the Frenchman's face for one instant, and then disappeared.

"She one sensible woman," he said, composedly, "she know what kind of man her husband, and that he had one, two, three crazy fits. She proud, and keep this secret till now."

"You are in her confidence then?" I asked, sarcastically.

Such a look as he gave me, I shouldn't care to encounter again. It was full of deadly hatred and suspicion, and convinced me that my surmises were correct, and that this man was Van Alston's murderer.

"What you mean by that?" he said. "She only tell me what she tell every one else."

The conversation was taking a strange drift, and the bystanders began to look at each other, and at me curiously. Tom linked his arm into mine, and drew me away.

"I know what you suspect," he whispered, "and others will, too, if you are not careful. Better be cautious, and wait for proofs."

I noticed that Tom's face was very white, and that he set his teeth together hard. But he said nothing more until we had passed through the corridors, and were alone in his room. Then in a low, impressive voice, he exclaimed,

"My very blood boils when I think of that old man murdered in cold blood, and the stigma they seek to place on his memory. For God's sake don't be rash and alarm the assassins, or they'll escape before we have proofs sufficient to warrant their arrest."

"Assassins!" echoed I. "Great heavens! whom do you suspect?"

"You know already. Count Rumbello and Mrs. Van Alston."

"And are your suspicions shared by others?" I asked.

"By no one save you," he answered, "so far as I know."

I was struck with consternation. If Tom had read my secret thoughts, might not others have done so too? I began to think I had been guilty of imprudence in what I had said.

"The plan was a diabolical one," Tom continued, "and was executed with fiendish cunning. Most of the people believe Van Alston killed himself, because the appearance of the room forbids any other supposition. As you heard, the doors and windows were found barred inside, and there was no way open, so far as could be discovered, by which a murderer could have made his escape."

"What was it, then, that awakened your suspicions?" I inquired.

"Promise to be equally frank with me," he answered, "and I'll tell you all about it. For it is only by working together that we can ferret out this crime, and punish its perpetrators as they deserve."

I made the required promise, and he went on:

"When I first met Mrs. Van Alston, I was haunted by a vague impression that I had seen her somewhere else, but where or when I could not tell. There was something strangely familiar in her eyes and voice, and that suggested unpleasant reminiscences, yet rack my memory as I would, I could not identify her. All the while, though, I felt certain she not what she appeared, and had led a life that would not bear examination. Then came Count Rumbello, and he affected me exactly as she had done. I could not remember anything definite or intelligible about either of them, yet it seemed as if I had met the two before and together, and under circumstances that were by no means agreeable. I was not surprised at their intimacy, for I foresaw it from the first, and was confident in my own mind that it was but the renewal of an old friendship. Last night it all came to me like a flash of light. Count Rumbello was speaking of Baden, and of a certain *croupier* there, and something he said furnished the missing link to my memory, and enabled me, not only to identify him, but Mrs. Van Alston as well. He was disguised somewhat, and he had not lost his thumb and fore-finger when I saw him last; but I could not be mistaken in the man, or the woman either, for both had been pointed out to me at the gambling tables in Baden more than once, the one as a notorious thief and desperado, the other as his paramour. Judge what I felt at this discovery! For though everything had been vague and unsatisfactory before, it was all clear to me now, and I no more doubted the identity of these two persons than my own. But what course to pursue I knew not. If I told the story to Mr. Van Alston, and he believed it, it would give his pride and affection a deadly blow, and I shrank from inflicting such pain on the good old man. But would he believe it? Would not the word of his wife be more to him than mine? I resolved to wait for farther developments, for bad as I knew them to be, I never thought of their committing murder. Oh! that I had spoken at once, and put Mr. Van Alston on his guard."

"Would that I, too, had done the same!" exclaimed I, and I related what I had overheard.

"We were both wrong," he said, "and nothing is left us now but to avenge his murder by bringing its perpetrators to justice."

"And that will be no easy task," I replied "if what you say is true. For even if their identity is established, that doesn't prove the murder, and the circumstances have been so artfully arranged as to make the theory of suicide seem a plausible one. It will be necessary to work cautiously, and without exciting their suspicions, if possible. They will hardly attempt to escape, though, unless sure of discovery, for their object must have been plunder, and it will be some little while before Mrs. Van Alston can obtain possession of her husband's property. Most of it is in real estate, and will have to be converted into cash before they can make it available."

"You have not seen the dead man yet," said Tom. "Let us go to his room."

There was an odor in the halls that reminded me I hadn't breakfasted, but this news seemed to have taken away my appetite, and I could hardly realize that the kind and genial old man whom I had seen last night strong and well, lay stark and cold and breathless now, betrayed and murdered by the woman to whom he had given his name and protection.

Mr. Van Alston occupied a suite of rooms, consisting of three, a sitting-room, bedroom, and dressing-room, all opening the one into the other. The latter had been fixed up with a lounge and sleeping conveniences, and had two doors, one connecting with the hall, the other with the bedroom. This first one had been broken open at the request of Mrs. Van Alston, who professed to have been alarmed not only by the silence of her husband when she called him, but by the fact that he had locked himself in, and had talked and acted strangely the night before. Her conduct, instead of looking suspicious to others, only seemed to strengthen the belief that he had committed suicide. Nor was this to be wondered at when we take into account the circumstances already mentioned.

The body yet lay just as it had been found, when Tom and I entered the room. The coroner was expected, but had not come, and everything remained untouched. A handkerchief had been thrown over the dead man's face, and that was all. Only a few persons stood around, silent and subdued. Count Rumbello was one of these.

The door opening into the bed-room was barred, but Mrs. Van Alston's sobs could be heard from within.

I lifted the handkerchief reverently, but

the face was calm and peaceful, and there were no signs of a struggle either in that or the position of the body. Then I looked around the room with a scrutinizing glance, and was almost staggered in my belief that murder had been done here. There was no trace of it anywhere, the two widows opened out on a court-yard, and were securely fastened, so was the door, and the murderer surely could not have made his escape through a solid wall. As to any concealed openings, that was out of the question, for the hotel had been erected by its present proprietors, who would have known of their existence. But over the door leading into the bed-room was a narrow transom, so narrow that even a tiny child could not have been pushed through it, yet to this my eyes returned again and again, and I felt that here was a clue that might lead to important discoveries.

I know not how it happened that I went to one of the windows and looked out. But I had no sooner done so than I turned deadly pale, my knees tottered beneath me, and I shook and trembled as with a fit of ague. For directly opposite was the window of my own room, and it was exactly where I stood now, that the lightning had revealed to me Count Rumbello. I could not be mistaken; upon the window-sill was the book and tumbler I had left there, and it seems as if the hand of God himself had been stretched forth to point out the murderer. The incident had affected me powerfully at the time, but I had not attached much importance to it afterward, never thinking of the possibility that the room in which I had seen the Frenchman might not have been his own.

Whence came the sudden impulse to tell what I knew then and there, to convict the murderer on the spot, and in the presence of his victim, is more than I can explain. My agitation had already attracted notice, and curious eyes were bent upon me, when with a warning gesture to Tom that he should keep close watch on Count Rumbello, I said, in a low voice, full of suppressed excitement, "Gentlemen, if I ever believed in the direct interposition of God, it is at this moment. You all know that we had a severe storm this morning, accompanied with thunder and lightning. I was standing at yonder window during its progress—please to mark that it is directly opposite this one—when there came a sudden lightning glare, and I saw——"

"You lie in your throat!" yelled the Frenchman, who was fairly livid with passion. "You one devil if you saw through shutter made tight fast."

Was the villain mad that he thus betrayed himself? Had all his wily cunning deserted him now when he needed self-possession most? There was a general murmur of astonishment, and Tom kept his eye on the door.

"The wind must have blown the shutter open," said I calmly, "for I saw a man standing in this room exactly where I do now, and that man had lost the thumb and forefinger of his left hand."

Quick as a flash, Count Rumbello drew a pistol from an inner pocket, and aimed it at me; but before he could pull the trigger, Tom struck it from his hand. There was a fierce struggle, and then the Frenchman's arms were closely pinioned, and he was rendered incapable of doing further mischief. At my suggestion, a guard was also placed at Mrs. Van Alston's door to prevent her escape.

The coroner came soon afterward, and both Tom and I gave in our testimony at the inquest. Mrs. Van Alston and Count Rumbello were at once placed under arrest, but neither of them was ever tried. For the one was found dead in her cell the next day, the other within a week afterward, and in each case a tiny phial was picked up near the corpse with a faint, subtle odor clinging to it. But though there were post-mortem examinations, the nature of the poison they had taken was not discovered, and it must have been one extremely rare and little known to the medical profession.

It was something of a mystery how the Frenchman could have locked every door and window of Mr. Van Alston's room inside, and yet made his own escape. But I think the transom explains it, for by means of that he doubtless pushed the bar of the door into its socket from the outside. He might have had an instrument expressly adapted for the purpose, but whether he did or not, I see no other way of accounting for the matter.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HELEN NORTON.

Her eyes were blue, and so softly bright with unshed tears that they seemed as morning glories wet with dew. Rita was thinking of her lover, John Rowly, to whom she had been engaged three months, and had not seen for nearly two. He had been forbidden the house of her father, whose aristocratic notions would not allow that his only daughter should marry his head clerk. But Rita would not give her lover up, and though for a time she seemed as obedient to parental command as a father could desire, she had in reality seen him several times, and kept up a correspondence with him after a style that did credit to her inventive genius, though I do not for one moment sanction the use to which she put it.

"I must see him," thought Rita, "how I long to hear his voice again. I'll write and bid him meet me this very evening on Second street, that's out of the way, and we can walk a few squares together at least." Seeing that it was near time for her father to return to the office she rapidly wrote:

"Dearest John—I have read your note a dozen times, and I know it by heart. I consent to meet you, dear, as you desire so as you leave father's office at five o'clock, go to S. E. corner of Second and Plumb streets, I will be there, your color over my left shoulder. We will have time for a walk, and yet reach home as soon as father does. I have to see that odious Mr. Sullivan this afternoon. I wish it was you, instead, whom I expected. Believe ever in your RITA."

Having written this she flew down stairs, and peeped into her father's library. Seeing him still quietly sitting before the fire, she gently closed the door, and proceeded to the hat-rack, on which hung her father's cloak as well as hat. She inserted her note far up between the upper and lower capes, and skillfully pinned it there, then, with a low gurgling laugh, like the music of a brook as it ripples over its pebbly bed, she returned to the library, and seated herself as if to read.

"Mr. Sullivan will be here this afternoon," said Mr. Brown, lowering his paper and peering over his eye-glasses. Rita smiled, and, feeling encouraged, he continued after the old-time fashion. "I shall be glad to see you settled, my child, and I know of no one more worthy than he of your hand. He has position and wealth, and admires you. I hope you see the advantages of such a match."

"But, papa," pouted Rita, "I don't want to marry. I'm young, and——"

"Yes, yes! I know all about that," he interrupted frowning, and thinking she had changed her mind lately. Three months ago she had been only too anxious to marry. "But *I'm* no longer young, and I want to see you married. Mr. Sullivan is a suitable person. Why half the girls in town would jump at the chance."

"Half the girls in town haven't a John, either, as I have," thought Rita commiseratingly, but with a sweet smile on her ripe red lips she followed him into the hall, and helped him to place the cloak on his broad shoulders. She had been singularly attentive in this way of late, and her father felt pleased, as was altogether proper he should. All unsuspicious of the cat's paw part he bore in this little drama, he walked toward his counting-room. Strange it was, indeed, but his clerk was accidentally (?) near at hand when he took off his hat, and John Rowly took the cloak and hung it in its accustomed place. When Mr. Brown was busily engaged, John drew from his own pocket a little pink missive. After reading it several times, he took his handkerchief from his pocket, and placing therein the minute epistle, pressed it fervently to his lips—so foolish is young love—while to a looker-on, had there been one, nothing more would have been suggested than a natural desire to use a pocket handkerchief at a season when colds seemed common to all. "Bless her little heart! Yes, I'll be there sure. If this thing has to be kept up much longer, I'll persuade her to elope, or he'll make her marry some one else. Heigho! I wish I was rich." But John had not riches, only his fifteen hundred a year. He and Rita considered it sufficient, but pater familias did not choose to agree with them.

After Mr. Brown had left the house, Miss Rita laid out an elegant walking suit, hat and furs, resolved to look her prettiest; yet in order to be to a certain extent disguised, a thick green veil was to be worn also. Not yet, however, were these articles to be donned, for a visitor was to be received. "Tiresome creature," she thought; but if indifferent to the gentleman himself, she certainly was not to her appearance, for she made a very handsome toilet. She brushed light into the glossy waves of her black hair, that infatuated John Rowly had likened into "a cloud of night, with moonbeams struggling through." Her cheeks were of the hue of the sea-shell as it opens its bosom to the sea, and she laughed a witching little sound as she surveyed herself in the tall mirror in her luxurious room, for she was pleased with the reflection of her own beauty, and why not? A little later, and she was summoned below, and with an immense amount of dignity she entered the elegant parlor, where waited her wealthy suitor. She made up her mind very soon that his object was to propose this very afternoon, and I verily believe such was his intention, but not for worlds would she have such a catastrophe occur. It would arouse her father's slumbering suspicions were she to refuse him, and throw her lover and herself further apart than ever. So she skillfully parried every attempt, all the while appearing more charming and engaging each moment in the eyes of the one who loved her, selfishly indeed, yet truly. Finally the ordeal was over, and she breathed more freely. It was late, and in haste she hurried off the rich afternoon dress, and donned her walking suit. A knot of blue ribbons streamed over her left shoulder.

A few minutes later, she hastened toward the appointed place of rendezvous. Those few minutes Rita had lost, had been productive of rather remarkable results to John, though they had no serious bearing afterward on their love case.

John, ardent and prompt, waited for his charmer, and looked for the emblematic ribbons. Suddenly—quite near him, and a little apart from others stood a slight girlish form, the face turned away and looking into a shop window. Blue ribbons over the shoulder—so he did not entertain a doubt as to the identity of the owner, and in an instant was at her side. A fervent "My darling," in low tones, escaped his lips—and the astonished gaze of a stranger met his ardent glance.

Before John could recover himself, the young girl had drawn herself into an attitude of freezing dignity, and cast a withering glance of scorn upon him as she muttered "Unparalleled impudence!" and swept away, leaving him half dazed.

But the true Rita then appearing, and no curious friend near, raised her veil, and smiled with bewitching sweetness upon him. He would scarce have dared approach her but for that, after the unpleasant occurrence of the moment passed. Reassured, he stepped up without more ado.

"Why John, what made you look so strangely when I came up. Didn't you recognize your colors?"

"I was afraid some one else might have had a fancy for blue also; and I wished to make sure, that was all, my pet," he replied, with a short laugh, for he could not summon up sufficient courage to relate the little episode, as yet.

"I was a little late," chattered Rita, "for Mr. Sullivan staid so long. It exercised all my ingenuity to keep back the avowal that seemed hovering on his lips, for he appeared determined to have it all his own way. Oh, John, I felt so thankful when he had gone—for you know there will be trouble when I refuse him, and it must come to that before long. After he left, I hurried with all my might to get here. I had a time to find my ribbons; and I was so afraid some one would recognize me. I actually did meet Cousin Bella Spriggs, just before I reached here, but fortunately she did not know me—never looked up, indeed. Oh it's cruel in papa to oppose us so; and I feel as if I must see you sometimes, dear, although I know such a meeting as this is wrong; but it *is* cruel to keep us apart *only* because you are poor."

"Yes, my Rita, it is; but you won't let them take you from me, will you?"

"Oh, never—I'd do anything else first," said Rita, earnestly.

"Then—then—if it comes to that—to the worst, I mean, you will marry me anyhow, won't you? I have expectations, but I don't like to count on them. We two could live very well on my salary."

We cannot detail all that was said on that homeward walk; but Rita consented to an elopement, if no other way opened to them.

Meanwhile their peculiar mode of correspondence was to be continued. Not a suspicion of his daughter did Mr. Brown entertain that evening, for he had not seen her enter, and when he did see her, she appeared as usual. Had it not been that Rita was motherless, her actions would have been more restrained, but there had been none to question, and she came and went at will. It came to pass that in a few days, Mr. Sullivan proposed and was refused. Mr. Brown was enraged beyond description. As Rita had feared he bethought himself of John Rowly, his clerk, and threatened to dismiss him at once. John had been prepared for such an emergency, having been kept well posted through the usual means of information, and knew where to find another situation. Rita was thoroughly unhappy, and wrote her heart to her love. The answer appointed time and place for an elopement. The details not meeting with the young lady's approbation, she wrote in answer her plan, and thus everything was definitely settled. With a beating heart she pinned the important note as usual in its hiding place, and then sped to her room to consider, and pack the few articles she would require. What evil spirit prompted Mr. Brown to imagine that one cape would be sufficient this morning, just because the weather had happened to moderate a little? The upper cape was easily detached, and it was quickly done. What was it he saw that caused him to look so intensely astonished? He unpinned the unlucky letter, and read the superscription. He waxed wroth as he comprehended the ridiculous part he had been made to play, and his first impulse was to call his daughter, and vent his anger on her. His next was to read, which he did, and a grim smile was on his face, when he understood the whole affair. He replaced the cape in order to avoid arousing his daughter's suspicions, and strode out, and during his walk considered deeply. His plan was to punish them, but how? He had never been as perplexed in all his life, he was not altogether hard-hearted, and had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and even in his anger could admire the ingenuity that had made a tool of him. He decided to let the letter reach its destination, and at the last moment expose them to the shame of a fruitless attempt, and to give them the benefit of a free lecture; an ignominious dismissal of the young man from his house and office, while Rita should also suffer in solitude the penalty of her unworthy act. Sometimes he felt pity nibbling at his heart, for he deeply loved his daughter, while so exceedingly ambitious for her future, and his only possible objection to the young man was his want of wealth. The night of the following day was the time set, so he had not much time to deliberate. That evening he noted his daughter and his surroundings with critical eyes, and when morning dawned he felt calmer, for he had resolved on the wisest course of action, and he felt satisfied, nay, even pleased. His movements were peculiar after he had left the house; he first visited a minister—a friend of the family—and confided his case and plans, engaging him for eleven o'clock that night. He next visited his sister's, and begged for the presence of herself and two daughters for the same hour; then chuckling to think of the surprise he had in store, he began to really enjoy the whole affair. It pleased him to watch Rita that evening, to observe her affectionate consideration, her fitful gayety, and he noted that she lingered longer than usual in bidding him good-night, and kissed him many times. Finally, she retired to her room in a state of excitement not easily imagined. A high color was in her cheeks, and she swayed between laughing and crying.

The hour came at last, and all prepared, Rita stole softly down the stairs. They creaked, of course, and her heart beat audibly. She softly unlocked the front door, and felt the cool air upon her face. A familiar form was beside her. At that instant, as if by enchantment, a flood of light filled the hall and parlor, and the full glare of gaslight shone on the young couple. Bewildered, they unresistingly followed Mr. Brown into the house again; he had taken Rita by the hand, and led her, followed by her lover, before the minister. She began to speak, but he silenced her, and in a very few moments John Rowly and Rita Brown were made man and wife. Both, by this time, comprehended the situation, and enjoyed the blissful reality. Congratulations came from those present, but as Bella Spriggs stepped forward, both she and John were seen to fall apart in amazement, and to turn scarlet. But John, now safe and happy, thought best to make a clean breast regarding the cause, and related the adventure, much to the amazement of his friends, and astonishment of his bride. Bella became reconciled to her new cousin, and altogether the intended elopement proved to be the happiest of impromptu weddings. Mr. Brown keeps the young couple with him, happy in his revenge. The business firm is now Brown & Rowly.

LOVE OR MONEY.

There were three Misses Gillet, spinsters, who lived with their Uncle Gillet, a bachelor, in their old house at Atwater; and in pointing them out to strangers, the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love or money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

Nobody knew how much Mr. Gillet was "worth," but that he was uncommonly wealthy was certain. He had no other living relations but these three girls; and his peculiar prejudices rendered it unlikely that he would will his wealth away to any benevolent or public institution whatever. So to whom could he leave the gold that he could not take out of the world with him, unless it was to Georgina, Millicent, and Dolly Gillet.

All regularly instituted public charities, Mr. Gillet declared were "frauds;" and friends he had none. Averred that friendship was all humbug. As for marriage, it was, in his opinion, something which all sensible people eschewed.

The fact that in his earliest youth a dear friend had stolen from him the affections of the girl to whom he was betrothed, was at the bottom of all this. He trusted no one, because the two beings he had once loved and trusted utterly, had deceived him.

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people. He managed their little income, and provided luxuries for them which their means would not have allowed. He educated them, and allowed them a few female friends. But as they grew up, one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no courting and no marrying beneath his roof. Beaux were utterly forbidden; and it was understood in the family that a Miss Gillet who married would be blotted from her uncle's will.

"What infatuation! They'll fight like cats and dogs in a year," he would exclaim when wedding-cards were sent to him. "Take warning by this poor couple, who don't know what is before them, girls. Oh, what infatuation!"

And Miss Georgina Gillet would shake her head, and her younger sisters would follow her example, and they would cry in chorus, "What infatuation!"

They were pretty girls, tall, slender, red-cheeked, and blue-eyed; little ears like pearl, little mouths like coral, dainty waists, and cunning hands—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still single, and not one of them had a thought of marriage in all her life.

There was Oliver Robb, who had followed Georgina about to and from church for a year. I don't think he wanted the heiress; I believe he loved the girl; but what use was it? Georgie had given him a glance or two, and he had found favor in her sight; but he had only a clerk's salary, and it would be so delightful to handle thousands of her own. And Millicent had met Rufus King in the apple orchard once or twice; but Dolly had never had even a passing flirtation—Dolly, who was now eighteen, and prettiest of the three.

It was a well understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that marrying a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Doctor Rush (a handsome young medical man) had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet, having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him to prescribe. He had always thought the three slender girls, with ripe, round cheeks, dappled with peach-color, the prettiest things he had ever seen; but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillet looked at him sharply.

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said. "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl, too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and pecuniary independence to the miseries of marriage."

"By your advice, I believe, sir?" observed the doctor.

"They consider me a man of experience, and I'm entitled to respect."

"But are you not rather hard, sir?" said the doctor. "A beautiful girl like that——"

"Hard?" cried Uncle Gillett. "What's love worth? It fades in a week, and is stone dead in a year. What do men give their wives but deceit and neglect? Either the wife deceives the husband, or the husband the wife. Better never to love than to see love die. Dolly's a dear little girl. I hope she'll never fling herself into any one's arms, to be dropped when the sweetness has been kissed out. That is a wife's destiny. If she ever does, no money of mine ever goes into the brute's pockets."

"All the fault is on the man's side?" asked the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet; "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not, at that time; but about dusk next evening, Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, paused to look down into the water; and then and there some one came behind her and said,

"Miss Gillet!"

She turned with a start. It was Dr. Rush. "It is growing so late that I mean to see you home," he said. "I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution, and is a man to live to a hundred years old."

"I am very glad," said Dolly.

"I think you are seventeen," said the doctor, smiling.

"Well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I am that, and a year more."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor. "You'll probably be sixty-seven when he takes his departure."

"My goodness!" cried Dolly; "how terribly old!"

"You don't really mean to live single all that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"Of course I do," said Dolly, as innocently as possible.

"I don't mean to let you," said the doctor. "I'm in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to call you my wife. Confound the money! I'll give you all you can need, and I'll try to give you all you want. Of course you don't care for me; but I'll make you. Do you want me to swear it!"

"Oh, mercy! *no*," said Dolly. "You are very nice, and I'm sure—but I don't. I can't ever. Oh, goodness! don't talk so."

"You can't ever like me?" asked the doctor, insinuatingly.

"No, I don't mean that," said Dolly. "I can't ever *marry*."

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge to-morrow," said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so she did. She took a great many; and at last, one day, Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her hand.

"I shan't have a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor.

"And uncle will be so angry!" said Dolly, demurely.

"But I am so glad!" said Dr. Rush. "And you must tell the truth at once, and marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgina and Milly sat at work together that evening, while Uncle Gillet read to them. Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved toward the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause, she dropped the muslin and started to her feet.

"If you please, uncle," she said, "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. It isn't a bad thing—it's a good thing; only I know you'd be angry. I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgina and Milly screamed in chorus.

"We don't care for losing the money," said Dolly. "Money is nothing compared with love; but we want to be friends here at home. As for things left in wills, it's a miserable sort of hope. I'm glad I sha'n't have any. If you'll only not be angry, and come to see us, and let us come to see you, that's all we hope. He's perfectly splendid, dear Richard Rush is. I love him awfully, and he loves me awfully; and we're to be married this day month, no matter what anybody says."

"You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.

"And he knows my opinions?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that I'll never have a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

So the wedding came off.

Dolly, in white muslin, married her Richard Rush. Georgina and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly." They were very kind, as to a beloved, but misguided lunatic, and gave her useful presents, and promised to "do all they could for her."

Dolly did not feel that she wanted anything. They seemed poor to her, those heiresses who had no one to love them. She went to her husband's home, and never a cloud came between them, and never a change fell upon their love.

Uncle Gillet never made them a present; but he came to dine sometimes, and always kissed the last baby. As for the Misses Gillet, they had no means at command, though they had such fine prospects. Oliver Robb had been dismissed long before by Georgina. She had told him plainly that she could not sacrifice Mammon to love. And Millicent had had another meeting with Rufus King in the orchard.

"It's the last time, Milly," Rufus had said. "I can't go on offering myself forever; but I love you better than my life, and always shall."

"I like you, Rufus," said Milly, "and it seems hard; but uncle will not relent. I can't lead a poor woman's life, even for you."

"Then good-bye, Milly," said Rufus. "There's no love where money can be set against it."

So they parted. And now Georgina was forty, and Milly thirty-eight, and Dolly thirty-five.

Business was worse with the doctor. A richer practitioner had taken much of his practice.

Doctor Rush trudged over the country in all weathers and at all hours; and so, one night some ruffian, who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place, and left him for dead.

A farmer going homeward early carried him in his cart, and he was cared for as well as he might be; but a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn. She was only sure of one thing, her love for her Richard, which grew greater with every trial.

For the sake of this she put her pride down, and leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house. As she drew near, she reflected on the fact that she was actually in need of charity. It was a bitter thought.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on, and as she did so she saw that all the blinds were down.

Faint with terror, Dolly hurried on. In the hall her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner-table, and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement. But they put their arms about Dolly, and promised her to do all they could.

"Just now it isn't much," said Georgina. "But we shall be rich women, and will help you constantly."

"I knew poor Doctor Rush couldn't get on," said Milly. "Poor dear man! He shall see that we can be friends; and if you like, we'll take two of the children."

"Never that," said poor Dolly. "Thank you; but they are our jewels."

"Uncle meant kindly," sighed Georgina. "But it is hard. We're lonely sometimes, Dolly; Milly only meant that."

Then Dolly's heart melted.

"They shall come to see you often," she said.

And she went into the dead man's chamber, and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her dole of wine and jelly, and a few dollars.

"We'll be able to do so much more," said Milly, "when the will has been read."

"You've paid dearly for yielding to me, Dolly," said the suffering man, as she ministered to him. "Don't you wish you were still Miss Gillet, and an heiress?"

But Dolly said "No" from her heart. Neither did she feel anything but tender sorrow for the prejudiced old man, whom she had been very fond of. "I chose," she said to herself, "and I chose well."

She went to the funeral, Georgina sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlor afterward, awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past, and the monotonous rendering of the "said" and "aforesaids" made no impression upon her, until her own name caught her ear; then she looked up. Millicent and Georgina were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked, timidly. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was crying. Georgina had flushed red as a peony.

"It means that we've been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You are the heiress. What have you been thinking of, that you have not heard?"

What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to the last, Uncle Gillet had left all his fortune to the niece who had married, because, as he stated, she had proved to him that there was such a thing as love in the world; and had left to his single nieces, who had crushed their hearts for money's sake, five hundred dollars a year, lest some fortune-hunter should marry them for their money.

Yes, Dolly was the heiress; and Dr. Rush might take his own time in getting well, and have no anxiety about money, and for this reason Dolly was glad; but she said to her sisters that what was hers was theirs, and soothed them with tender, loving kindness for their great disappointment.

Georgina lives with her still, but Millicent does not. Rufus King heard of what had happened, and came back to Atwater. He had a bald head, and her pink cheeks were gone; but they both remembered the apple orchard, and so there was another wedding. And somebody told me, the other day, that Oliver Robb, having lost his first wife, had been heard to say that Georgina Gillet was the finest-looking lady in Atwater, if she was forty. So, who knows what may happen next?

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Nilsson will continue to sing. Matrimony has never yet shut a woman's mouth.

☞ The way they muzzle dogs in most of the Western towns is by placing the muzzle behind the ear and pulling the trigger.

☞ Male bipeds are scarce in Saratoga, averaging only one to every eight ladies.

☞ An Eastern paper heads an item "Probable Fatal Death by Shooting." "Fatal Death" is good.

☞ A misanthropic editor of a Western paper announces: "The clock of our court house, emulating the example of some of our ladies, had a nice coat of paint on its face yesterday."

☞ A female physician who wears a somewhat peculiar dress, is described as a "pantaloonitic."

☞ A witness, in describing certain events said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye, named Jacob Wilkins." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel. The witness was disgusted at the levity of the audience.

☞ The Star says "mosquitoes were 98 in the shade last evening." A New Jersey man says he has known them to be more than 2000 in the dark.—*Norristown Herald.*

☞ A California paper tells about "a girl possessed of the devil." We are glad they are so uncommon out there as to form an interesting topic for newspaper comment. Here we never think of noticing them as anything abnormal.—*Exchange.*

☞ "Kole Oyle 60 cents a gal" is a Macon, (Georgia,) sign.

☞ A girl in Brookville, Virginia, stood on her head in a spring and was drowned.

☞ An English paper under the head of "Women as Strikers," gives an account of a strike of 500 women in the brick garth at Seaton colliery. Women have been strikers as far back as we can remember, but they usually struck with an old slipper.

☞ A New York paper says the innocent mountaineers of Switzerland were recently astonished by the apparition of two New York dandies climbing the Alps in tall silk hats, fashionable clothing and kid gloves!

☞ We often hear stories of the attachment of horses for one another; but Bangs, who is a reporter on the Morning Bugle, tells us of a horse that was attached to a buggy.

☞ Chicago enjoys her daily ten divorce suits again.

☞ The portage of a boat is attended with some little difficulties in the Adirondacks. The mosquitoes get on the bottom and bite through into the boys' heads.

☞ A comical verbal sequence occurs in the programme of a concert lately given by M. Gounod, in London, the eighth number being thus described: "Song—'She Wandered Down the Mountain Side,' accompanied by the composer."

☞ A New Jersey judge, on a recent yachting excursion, lost his diamond pin overboard, but made a dive for it and secured the treasure.

☞ A Texan pickaninny, who undertook to drown some superfluous puppies, made an unpleasant mistake and drowned himself instead.

☞ Japanese barbers in San Francisco monopolize the trade.

☞ A four-year old female went into a drug store the other day, and said to the proprietor in a half-whisper: "If a little girl hain't got any money, how much chewing-gum do you give her for nothing?"

☞ A lady correspondent at the seaside asks a terrible question. She wants to know if any one ever imagined what sort of a sight would be presented by an interior view of the six hundred private rooms of a fashionable watering-place hotel half an hour before dinner or a hop.

☞ The grandma of a little four-year old had been telling her one day not to say that people lied, but rather to say that they were mistaken. Her grandma, to amuse her told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. When she had finished, the little girl looked up into her face and exclaimed, "Grandma that is the biggest mistaken I ever heard."

☞ In Dordrecht, Belgium, about the first things children learn to pronounce distinctly are the names of the streets—they are so short and simple—the names of the streets are, not the children. Little two-years-olders can call off the following streets without jarring a tooth, viz: "Blindleidengasthuistoeg." "Sinarfnoisarisgang," etc.

☞ A Wisconsin merchant by card informs his customers and the public that

"TO A. VOID A.
SMASh. WE.
SELL FOR
CASH.

☞ Poor human nature is continually liable to make mistakes and continually suffering from the consequences. Mrs. Wilder, of Wyandotte, noticed that a peg was missing from her bedstead and prudently thought the hole should be plugged up. Finding a metallic cartridge lying around loose, she took her little hatchet and undertook to drive it into the vacant orifice. At last accounts Dr. McCabe was engaged in tying up the arteries of Mrs. Wilder's neck and feeding her through a quill.

Masks and Faces.

Ladies who mask their faces and necks with enamels endanger their health to no purpose. The plaster work deceives nobody. There is but one article known which will restore a blemished complexion or create external brilliancy and bloom where they have never heretofore existed, and that article is HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM. It performs this toilet miracle by infusing vitality into the skin. The floral and herbal juices of which it is composed gently stimulate the circulation in the minute blood vessels, and brace the network of nerves through which they pass. Thus quickened and strengthened the external covering soon acquires a fresh and healthful hue, and every trace of sallowness disappears. The palest cheeks derive from the beautifying baptism of this delightful cosmetic a warmer hue, and the arms, hands and neck, a blonde lustre which the charlatans, who profess to make ladies "beautiful forever" with their poisonous cement, can never hope to imitate.

☞ A woman was recently arrested in Baltimore on the charge of being a "common scold." In a two minutes' talk with the justice she proved the charge true, and was committed.

☞ Pimples on the Face, Eruptions, Blotches, Scrofulous diseases, and all sores arising from impure blood, are cured by Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. 545.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

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By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "[illegible]," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords," etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

[To our Readers. We do not hold ourselves responsible for every sentiment avowed by our numerous correspondents—particularly by Zig. Especially we do not hold ourselves responsible for the following article. It is Zig's, not ours. It is that daring woman of the West who has ridden up boldly, and struck sharply with the steel point of her lance the iron shield of the whole Germanic nation. Her temerity quite takes away our breath.—*Editors of the Post.*]

DIE HAUSEMUTTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If there is any particular sort of women that, next to being an Indian squaw, I shouldn't like to be, that woman is a German woman. And if there is anybody's wife, next to being the wife of a Methodist minister, that I should particularly not like to be, that person is a stiff-necked, opinionated old German.

The German frau surely deserves the commiseration of every civilized American woman. So far as appears to the naked eye, she is just a patient work-ox, only that and nothing more. She is an epitome of the "domestic virtues." She is the domestic virtues run to seed, in fact. I don't believe in the domestic virtues when they get to be as bad as that.

The German frau knits stockings and makes soup for her husband, Old Zwanzigguldenfuss. Old Zwanzigguldenfuss, if he lives in this country, smokes his pipe, drinks his beer, and dashes American ways and American women because they don't spend their time in making soup and knitting stockings too, but must needs dabble in science, politics, and almost everything dabbleable.

"Womans cannot these things understand. Neither is it of their business," he says.

Since the Franco-Prussian war, many of the Germans are just abominable, anyhow; so conceited there is hardly any living with 'em. If folks do anything they don't like, they hold indignation meetings, and threaten folks with the loss of the "German-American" vote, and talk generally as though they were the high and mighty bosses of the old American eagle himself. They try to make believe that no land this side of Heaven is quite so great, so grand, so, generally speaking, lovely as Germany. I wonder why they didn't stay there then?

They want to Germanize us. They want to make a big Limburger cheese out of us all. We don't care for that so much. They can deluge the whole country with beer-gardens, blood-puddings, liver-puddings, and nasty raw pork, if they want to, and we shan't mind, but when they go to telling us that the German frau, with a basket of cabbages on her head, and her fingers full of the everlasting clicketing knitting-needles, is the one perfect model for American women to follow, then they tread upon our sacred corns, then we are on the war-path instanter, then we say:

"Old Zwanzigguldenfuss! mind your business. Let our free institutions alone."

I'm not as well acquainted with German history as I ought to be, to be sure, but I can't, at this moment, call to mind the name of a single German woman, who ever distinguished herself in art or science—and I don't know of but one or two names of German women famous in literature. English and French women have won for themselves noble names in all three of these paths of civilization, German women never. Old Zwanzigguldenfuss says it's all owing to the domestic virtues and that rubbish, owing to their being utterly wrapped up in woman's true sphere, and looks at you as one who should say

"Here's your wives and mothers for you—women as is women!"

If his notions were correct, German domestic life ought to be the finest and highest on earth. But it isn't at all. A German home is not a bit happier than, and not half as clean as an American or English home. There are no finer, nobler wives and mothers in the world than those wholesome, healthy English women who find time to cultivate the domestic virtues and to cultivate their minds besides. Again it may be owing to my ignorance, but I never heard either of any famous social queens among German women, any Mrs. Adamses, or Madame Recamiers or brilliant dames of that sort. The German women don't cultivate their intellects, they don't shine in society, they don't show us any happier homes, or brighter, better children than other women;—what do they do? They knit.

The German frau sits at home, and plumes herself on being the pattern of domestic virtue because she keeps thirty pairs of stockings ahead for old Zwanzigguldenfuss. Who's going to wear 'em, I'd like to know? What's the use of having more than one pair of hose when you can't wear but one pair at a time?

Besides being a knitter, so far as I've noticed, the German woman of the middle and lower classes is a most intolerable gossip. Doubtless it is because she is so ignorant of anything else to talk about. People must talk, and the German frau is a model of the domestic virtues only, you know. Well, let them go their length. It's a free country. Only when they hold up their "models" before our American eyes, and have the impudence to try to turn a free-born American woman into a shrill-voiced, ignorant, gossiping, knitting, soup-making domestic virtue, then we wish to state, by way of remark:

No you don't!

ZIG.

Go Straight On.

Go straight on, and don't mind enemies. If they get in your way, walk round them regardless of their spite. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark, "They are sparks which if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." "Live down prejudice," was the Iron Duke's motto. Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be a reaction if you do but perform your duty; and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

HOUSES AND HOMES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You, Mr. Post, who, for more than half a century, have visited, week after week, thousands of dwelling-places, all over the land, must have entered some that were only *houses*—where the *home* element was wanting.

The better to illustrate my meaning (our minister always says that) let me take you, Mr. Post, to call on my Aunt Abigail.

We stand, for a moment, before her beautiful abode. You look upon her rock-beds overrun with masses of odorous flowers, her exquisite hanging baskets, her elegant vases filled with rare plants, and as you inhale the fresh morning air, made sweet by the perfumed breath of the flowers, you exclaim with enthusiasm, "The prettiest cottage-home I ever saw! A little Paradise! Pray, is not your aunt a woman of rare taste?"

Perhaps it was the mention of Paradise, which, at that moment, recalled to my mind a line of Tasso's that I read long, long ago:

"Oft serpents lurk where freshest roses blow."

I didn't mean, though, to call my Aunt Abigail a serpent. Of course not.

We are ushered into the dimly-lighted parlor. As your eyes become accustomed to the dimness, you recognize in all its arrangements the presence of exquisite taste.

The soft, rich carpet; the velvet-covered furniture, the costly and beautiful pictures; the brackets and statuettes; and the fragrant bouquets of freshly-gathered flowers all afford supreme enjoyment to your æsthetic nature.

The appearance of my Aunt Abigail does not disappoint you. Her stately beauty has thus far defied the blighting touch of Time. We are all proud of the *outside* of my Aunt Abigail. Indeed, Uncle Tom, the dearest uncle in the world, married her for her fine appearance.

Wouldn't you suppose that such a lovely house, with so handsome a woman as its queen, would well deserve the precious name of home?

But it don't!

And the serpent that my aunt allows to lurk where her fresh roses blow, and to draw all the sweetness and comfort from the life of each inmate of her household is the aggravating serpent of EXTREME neatness.

Cleanliness is next to godliness.

Yea, verily.

But this aunt of mine puts cleanliness in the first place, and godliness finds no place at all. I wouldn't ask you to do such an impolite thing, but if you *had* peeped through the lace curtains of the front windows, just after your departure, you would have seen stately Aunt Abigail, armed with dust-pan and brush, sweeping up the invisible atoms of dust which your unwary feet had deposited upon her carpet.

Had you pursued your investigations further, you would have beheld this same domestic queen making a most ferocious raid upon one poor disconsolate fly, which had innocently entered the parlor when your honored self was admitted.

No departed hero, whose fame has come down to us from past ages, ever fought more bravely to deliver his country from its deadly enemies, than fights the stately Abigal to deliver her house from flies.

Aunt Betsey Trotwood's raids upon the trespassing donkeys sink into utter insignificance before those made with such unflinching bravery and heroic determination upon the hated race of flies by Abigail, mine aunt.

This same determined spirit manifests itsel in every department of her household. Servants has she, rigidly trained; ruled with a rod of iron; yet like a certain doughty soldier of old, Aunt Abigail believes "in doing herself what she wishes well done."

Would that her mental and physical powers were exerted in a worthier cause?

Herein lies the unworthiness. Every inmate of Aunt Abigail's household is rendered miserable by her ungovernable passion for extreme neatness, and what might be the happiest *home* in the world, is *only* a house. Have you' read, Mr. Post, of that ingennous youth who, having suffered under the discipline of an excessively neat mother, when asked the question, "My son, what would you do if death should leave you motherless?" responded, in a beautiful spirit of filial devotion, "I'd go up the *front* stairs every day."

But there's not the slightest prospect that Aunt Abigail will "shuffle off the mortal coil" for long, long years to come.

Propriety bids me deny what my last remark might imply.

"What, you ask, does Uncle Tom do?"

After years of patient waiting had proved to his entire satisfaction, that, during the present administration, he could lay no claim to the *inside* of his house, he concluded to "accept the situation," and take the *outside*.

And, taking a "new departure" into the depths of his estate, he reared for himself a small but tasteful refuge, whither he can flee for rest when wearied with the troublous cares of life.

I repeat it, Mr. Post, there are dwelling-places which are only houses, and not homes.

F. A. E.

SELF-CONCEIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY NAOMI.

The self-conceit of many of our young people, of both sexes, is almost past human comprehension. It is astounding, shameless, sickening. Says Miss A. to Mrs. B., "I really think Charley Brainard is in love with me, for he looked my way so earnestly, at church to-day." Poor simpleton, not to know that his gaze wandered beyond your bold face to that sweet young dressmaker beside you. Says Miss C. to Miss D., looking in her mirror as she says it: "Morris Church says I have beautiful hair and eyes. *I* don't think so; do you?" all the time knowing and expecting the "*dear creature*" to say "*yes.*" Should the friend, however, be bold enough to say "*no,*" woe be to her. "Jealous old maid," "Nasty thing; she's mad because I am the handsomer," are the *least* ungenerous things her conceited brain conceives and foolish tongue gives utterance to.

George Washington Jones is a young man in a dry-goods store "out West." Miriam Woodman is a maiden, resident of the same village. Miriam is not *handsome*, but she is *beautiful* in that *goodness* plain people are apt to possess. George Washington is a hair-parted-in-the-middle, lisping, brainless *donkey*. Miriam, in her angel goodness, has been like a sister to the simple youth (for he was mighty green when he first came from the country), and to her he owes the fact of his entrance to some of our best houses. And now what does he do? Why take it into his conceited noddle that she is in love with him, and with characteristic smartness (?) writes her that "he cannot return her affection;" "is sorry if his attentions have led her to think otherwise;" "hopes she will sometime find the undivided heart she deserves," &c., &c. It's well he didn't see her face when she read the unpardonably rude note, for if he had, I think the scorn and contempt pictured there would have *nearly extinguished* him; I am sure the words "contemptible fool" as *she* said them, would have *quite.* This is not a solitary instance, and I fear *we* are to blame; for it is too true that we often set worth and sense aside, while soulless beauty and "store clothes" are placed upon the high places.

The Mistakes of Our Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many there are who owe the unhappiness of a whole lifetime to one little mistake made in their youth. So much hinges on so little. We look back and say: "If we had done such and such a thing, then all would be different." Ah, if one could but go back again, I fear almost all our time would be taken up in retracing lost footsteps.

Of course it is a multiplicity of small events and actions that make up our existence; still, in most person's lives there seems to be a turning point, and we can date to that time our subsequent course, whether it has been one of good or evil, of happiness or misery.

In my own experience (a very joyless one) I can go back to one day, nay, to one hour, and from that time I can trace the sorrow that has been instilled into all my life, marring all my pleasures, and rendering my troubles the heavier to bear.

There is no use in dwelling on a misspent past, except for the purpose of trying to do better. But oh, my friends, we cannot be too careful as to how we spend our youth, for the impressions we receive then are lasting, and one of our least actions may render our whole future almost worthless.

BOB WHITE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARIE S. LADD.

An hour's repose, I fain would get,
This languid, drowsy summer day—
Allaying every earthly fret,
And idly dream the hours away.

But yonder, with a plaintive wail,
Half hid from view, and half in sight,
There calls the melancholy Quail
With ceaseless cry, "Bob White, Bob White."

Where has Bob gone, oh, tiresome bird!
Nor e'er returns? And what the blame,
That day by day your voice is heard
Repeating ever o'er his name?

Oh, Robert! all the world must know
That you have done some grievous wrong.
'Twill follow on where'er you go,
And through the world be piped along.

"Bob White," I hear the school-boy flout,
'Tis heard by frail and lonely cot,
In whistling note, or clam'rous shout,
So hiding will avail you not.

Bob White, Bob White, you vagrant cheat,
Come back and stop this ceaseless noise,
By which the drowsy air is beat,
By plaintive bird, and merry boys.

RIDING MAN-FASHION.

The Other Side of the Question.

(Elizabeth Dudley in the New York Mail.)

The fashion of ladies' side-saddles for horseback riding was no doubt introduced for a good and sufficient physical reason, and my experience in equestrian exercise leads me to believe that the majority of women will always find the side-saddle most comfortable for them.

It is claimed that if the girth gives way a lady will have no possible hold upon her horse, but will be thrown to the ground. She will, however, land upon her feet, or at least upon one of them; while, if the girth gives way when she is using a man's saddle, she will fall head downward, with one leg bent under her body, and the other elevated over the back of the horse. In this position she is more likely to break some bones than in the other.

We are told, to be sure, that in riding astride a lady would be able to keep "a horseman's grip" on her horse—and in case of a loose girth could hold her saddle in place. I doubt this. Our slender women and our fat women alike have no muscle. I fancy even the wire-tendoned ballet girl would be unable to control the powerful muscles by which a vicious horse strives to burst the girth, or take advantage of its becoming loosened to escape from his rider. A well-trained animal, in event of such an accident, will slacken his pace at once, or even stop of his own will.

And the majority of our women are too short to look well in riding astride; they have not sufficient length of limb for the "horseman's grip." Any one who has seen a boy of ten years on the back of a broad, high horse, with his legs at right angles, can imagine the ridiculous appearance which most of our ladies will present in riding astride, and if they practice this position much it will affect their gait. They will then, when walking present the comical appearance of an old sailor just off a long voyage, who rolls along in the most absurd way, with his legs wide apart.

We shall have some hearty fun at the expense of these Amazons.

When I hear a lady complaining of the "uncomfortable" and "twisted position of sideways riding," of feeling that her "back is crooked," or that she is insecure, I know she does not sit properly. In the first place she must get a side-saddle which fits her. As some women are thin, and some robust, some with long limbs and some with short, it follows that one form of side-saddle will not be comfortable for every woman.

Then she should take her seat firmly and evenly in the centre of the saddle, as if about to ride astride, and adjust the right leg in the most comfortable position possible; it must not be too much strained over to the left, and may indeed be shifted a little more to the right after riding a short distance, and getting accustomed to the motion of the horse.

I was once visiting some friends who lived on an isolated hill-side farm, when my host, in using some machinery, met with a serious accident. While his wife remained at his side applying cold water to the wound I saddled a horse with a man's saddle (there was no other at hand) and dashed off for the doctor.

The road was deserted, so I naturally rode astride; but such a ride! On a hard trotting, madly galloping plough horse, I went up and down the strong hill-roads thinking that I should never come up with the doctor, who had left his home and started on his rounds. I caught him at last and turned him back, fortunately in time; but I hardly know whether the patient or myself suffered most for a day or two.

I was then an accomplished equestrienne on a side-saddle, and I resolved never to use any other.

When living on the Cumberland mountain, in Tennessee, I rode constantly on horseback, always with a side-saddle, and my neighbors did the same. One girl whom I know there rode on her brother's saddle frequently, whenever her sister or mother was with her, and never rode astride; she placed her right leg in the same position as when she used her own saddle. When I asked the reason for this she replied only: "'Pears like a gal couldn't ride man-fashion, noway!"

Now this healthy, hardy mountaineer had a beautiful womanly form, and was classically proportioned. As she wore neither corsets, paniers nor hoop skirts, her figure could not be disguised, and if she could not ride astride, what woman can? I fancy that twenty miles' experience on a man's saddle, over a rough road, will convince almost any of our ladies that she can't do everything "just as well as a man."

I have ridden with my baby in my arms up and down mountain roads so steep that when my horse was climbing up, I had to lean forward until my cheek touched his mane; and when he was cautiously creeping down, I was obliged to lean back until the strain became almost insupportable. In both positions I found the horn of the saddle a great help. * * * * * * *

I have not space now to give other experiences on this subject, but shall await with great interest the result of the experiment which some of our ladies mean to try in Central Park. I am anxious to know if they enjoy riding man-fashion.

AN ENTERPRISING PAPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What can be more conducive to social health, than an enterprising paper of real high tone? It affords the same pleasure to the family that an oasis does to the traveller in a desert. We have been working, plodding, and digging all day, but what has the rest of the world been at? Here is my paper:

In a moment I've been North, South, East, West; I've blamed and praised; I've wondered and pondered over the thoughts and acts of the world to-day.

Some man has said or done something I never thought of—something, perhaps, that will benefit the world and myself.

The world's prosperity, the products of industry, the fields for labor, the charity and crime of the human race; in fact everything the mind can revert to, is told me by my paper.

I read a thrilling romance, or a beautiful poem, and my thoughts wing away from myself, my plough and my hoe.

I can live a dozen lives with my paper—but without it, I couldn't half live my own.

My neighbor comes in, and I have a thousand ways to entertain him. We have been working men to-day—we are thinking men to-night. Our thoughts will lose themselves in pleasant dreams and we will both make sounder men to-morrow.

J. DIXIE.

WOULD NOT TELL A LIE.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together when some fireworks, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bonnie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real delinquent.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Bonnie.

"Then why not say that I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the lie."

The boy's heart melted, Bonnie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk and said,

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they two were paired into the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said, aloud, with some emotion—

"Bonnie, Bonnie, lad, he and I beg your pardon—we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still, they might have heard Bonnie's big-boy tears drop proudly on his book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest, and then for want of something else to say, he gently cried,

"Master forever!"

The glorious shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in g nd surprise,
To higher levels rise,
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unaware
Out of all meaner cares. —*Longfellow.*

AWKWARD HABITS.

The eccentricities of some people are very amusing. We recollect a minister who spoiled by *hemming* his very finest flights of oratory. Just as he had brought tears into our eyes by a pathetic exhortation, or excited our enthusiasm by some eloquently-expressed appeal, he would invariably stop to *hem!* The mischief that this unfortunate habit occasioned could hardly be estimated. It was so often heard as to become ludicrous in its effects, and would excite a smile at the very time his hearers would have been glad to weep.

Speaking of this habit of our good pastor to an aged friend, the other day, she "capped" it by relating an anecdote of an itinerant minister who used to preach in the rural districts where she lived when a child, who was in the habit of filling up the pauses in his sermon by saying: Mum-ah—num-ah—*nah!* drawling the final *nah* through his nose with an irresistibly ludicrous twang. On one occasion, when he had been very earnestly speaking to the children about little sins, he closed with the exclamation, "And finally, children, mum-ah—num-ah—*nah* let all your habits be such—mum-ah—num-ah—*nah*—as shall be creditable to yourselves and to your parents!" We hope the children profited by the example if not by the precept.

A JUST DECISION.

Mr. Coleman, of Providence, has just received his $3,800 from the New York and New Haven Railroad for ejecting him from the cars when he had paid his fare. Mr. Coleman had a ticket from New York to New Haven, which he offered for his fare in going between the same points in the opposite direction, and the court has settled that it was a sufficient consideration. He had to fight the powerful corporation four years, every inch of ground being contested by the best legal talent that could be obtained, and he finally triumphed. Every citizen owes him a debt of gratitude for his resolution and persistence in carrying the struggle through to the not very bitter end. It has settled a very important point regarding the rights of passengers, and shown that we still have citizens who dare to maintain their rights even against a railroad company.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The Female Dictionary.

In this valuable work the signification of a word is given in a feminine sense, as under:

Marriage—The only habit to which women are constant.

Lover—Any young man but a brother-in-law.

Clergyman—One alternative of a lover.

Brother—The other alternative.

Honeymoon—A wife's opportunity.

Horrid, Hideous—Terms of admiration elicited by the sight of a lovely face anywhere but in the looking-glass.

Nice, Dear—Expressions of delight at anything, from a baby to a barrel organ.

Appetite—A monstrous abortion, which is stifled in the kitchen that it may not exist during dinner.

Wrinkle—The first thing one lady sees in another's face.

Husband—A person who writes checks, and dresses as his wife directs.

Duck (in ornithology)—A trussed bridegroom, with his giblets under his arm.

Brute—A domestic term of endearment for a husband.

HEART-BROKEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Farewell! the word is passed, I may not move thee
Again by words which whisper how I love thee;
But oh, forgive a heart that grief is breaking—
This *last* leave-taking.

Like the white flowers which faded from thy tresses,
Must wither every hope my soul possesses;
How briefly in my thoughts those hopes were cherished,
How soon they perished.

Remaineth now to me but only sorrow,
And clouds no ray may break, for every morrow;
From my sad soul, by fate so darkly shaded,
The light has faded.

Could I to thy sweet spirit but have proven
How thy *dear* image with that soul was woven—
How every glance thy angel eyes have given,
To me was Heaven!

Then *couldst not then* have prized my love so slightly;
Then *couldst not* then have turned away so lightly!
Oh, then wouldst *feel* it only once believing,
How *deep* my grieving.

The bitterness of death is on my spirit,
Its cry goes out, when none but God may hear it;
The hushed tears, upon the seared heart raining,
Are ever paining.

The delicate dreams by the heart so dearly cherished;
How can it *bear* to know they all have perished?
Leaving my future days with sorrows blended—
Would they were ended.

Would that the grave could hide me from this sorrow,
And from the bitter boon of each sad morrow,
Changing my lone life's agony and chilliness,
For rest and stillness.

Oh, that I ne'er had met thee, lovely vision!
Thou charming with thy loveliness elysian,
Only to mock my soul, and then to leave it,
And darkly grieve it.

Had not my life enough of sad repining?
Had not my hopes been long enough declining,
That this last, bitterest blow of all was given?
My soul thus riven.

Alas! I thought that after all my sorrow,
From thy *dear* love might rise a happier morrow,
I might have known Fate held not such fair blessing,
For my possessing.

No, I must still live on in silent sadness,
Sunk mid the gloom of woe's unuttered madness,
Hiding within my soul till life's last hour,
Love's pale, white flower.

FRANK.

Katie's Forget-Me-Nots.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I'm going away to-morrow," Robert said, as he leaned over the gate in front of the widow Sherryl's neat little cottage. "I'm going to California, and I shan't be back for I don't know how long. Perhaps never, Katie."

Katie shut her eyes tightly to keep back the tears that would come into them, and turned away her face from Robert's gaze, pretending to be very busy in tying up a straggling carnation by the walk.

"Shall you think of me when I'm gone?" asked Robert.

"Of course I shall," answered Katie, "I can't forget an old friend so easily."

If Katie had said lover, instead of friend, she would have been nearer the truth of the matter. Robert Wayne had grown very dear to her, though he had never told her that he loved her. But, for all he had never spoken of love, she knew, at least she felt sure, he cared for her, and meant to marry her some day. There is a language of lovers which is not put into words, but it is easily understood.

"I'm glad of that," Robert said. "Glad to know you won't forget me. It must be very pleasant to a fellow so far from home to think that some one remembers him and thinks kindly of him."

"I hope you'll have as good luck as you anticipate," said Katie, brushing back her brown curls."

"Yes, I hope so, too," answered Robert, "not only for my sake, but for the sake of some one else," with a meaning little look into Katie's blue eyes that set her heart all in a flutter, and made her cheeks as rosy as the pink carnation she had been busy over.

"Do you know who I mean, Katie?"

"How should I?" asked Katie, innocently. "I'm not good at guessing, you know."

"Try your luck," suggested Robert.

"Well, Miss Hunt," ventured Katie, with a sly glance into Robert's handsome face.

"Miss Hunt, I hope not!" exclaimed Robert fervently. "You know well enough who I mean, Katie. It's you."

"Me!" and the rosy color flew all over Katie's pretty face, and her blue eyes fell beneath Robert's gaze.

"Yes, you little hypocrite," exclaimed Robert, "you knew all along that I cared for you. Confess, now."

"As a friend, of course," admitted Katie.

"As a friend, indeed!" exclaimed Robert, slipping one arm about her waist. "When I come back from California, will you marry me, Katie?"

"If you want me to," answered Katie, demurely.

"Well, I do want you to," answered Robert, and kissed her.

The next day he went away from Lonsdale.

"I've brought you something to help make you remember me," he said, when he came to bid Katie good-bye, and put down a pot of forget-me-nots on the window-sill. The sun shone in and fell across the great clusters of pure blue flowers, and Katie gave a cry of half joy at sight of them, and half sorrow to think Robert was going away so soon.

"How beautiful they are!" she said, dropping her face over the blossoms. When she lifted it, there were tears in her eyes.

"Well, good-bye," said Robert, by and by; "don't forget me, Katie, and be sure to write;" and then he kissed her tenderly and said good-bye, and Katie sat down behind her forget-me-nots to watch him go down the road and out of sight.

"Dear me! I'm dying for a sight of the green fields again!"

The speaker lay back in her arm-chair and looked up at the narrow patch of blue sky overhead, about the only glimpse which could be obtained from the little low tenement room that afforded any relief to the monotony which wrapped the scene in. Her face was pale and thin, and you would have known that she was an invalid by the weak voice in which she uttered the words, if you had not seen her face. The room was small and plain. There was little in it save what was necessary for comfort and daily use. The brightest thing of all was a pot of forget-me-nots that stood on a little shelf outside the open window; the green leaves and delicate blue blossoms were like a fragment of the country's beauty transplanted to the city's dust and grime.

"I know you are pining for the hills and the pure air, mother," said a girl, who had come in so noiselessly that the invalid had not been aware of her entrance. "I wish I could take you to them to-morrow. They'd be worth more to you than all the doctors' prescriptions to be had in the city," and the girl's face was full of patient pain, and a little sigh ended the sentence; as she bent and kissed her mother's wan face.

"I didn't know that you heard me," the woman said. "I don't want to complain, Katie."

"I know that," Katie said. "You never do. But I've seen this long time that you were thinking of the old home. I know how you feel. It's like being shut up, here. I can't breathe sometimes, it seems to me, everything's so close, and hot, and stifling. How I wish I could take you into the country for a month. It would be the best kind of a tonic for you I know."

"But we can't think of going," answered the woman, patiently. "We mustn't let ourselves get to worrying after what we can't have. I'll try to get along. I'm sure I ought to be willing to, if you can—for you have to bear the brunt of everything. This hard, steady work is making an old woman of you, Katie. I wish I could help you with it, dear. The load would be so much easier for two to bear, than it is for one. I'm nothing but a burden to you."

"Don't!" Katie said, kissing her mother's cheeks again; "I couldn't bear this kind of life, if it wasn't for you."

It was true that hard work was making Katie Sherryl old while yet she was young in years. Trouble had come to them, and the homestead had to be sold. Then, for a long time she could get no work to support herself and mother with; and finally they had moved into the city—and she had taken to sewing for a scanty living. Ah, but it was hard work! It was drudgery from morning to night. It was giving health and spirits and youth for a morsel to keep them from starvation.

Mrs. Sherryl had never been strong, and the misfortunes which had come to them, had made her a confirmed invalid. The close, dusty city was not home to the delicate woman. She missed the pure air of the hills, and the greenness everywhere.

For a long time after Robert Wayne went away, Katie heard from him regularly. Then something happened—what, Katie dared not think—and no more letters came.

Perhaps he was dead!

Sometimes that thought *would* come into Katie's mind, and she would find the room growing dim and indistinct, and she would sit down feeling faint and dizzy. Dead! And she had loved him so! It could not be!

But then, if living, why did she not hear from him?

She could not answer the question that her heart asked.

This afternoon she sat down by the window with her sewing. The air was warm and full of dust from the street below, in which vehicles were passing to and fro, filling the scene with jarring sounds, and making a discordant din which was a fitting accompaniment to Katie's thoughts. Overhead a bit of the blue sky shone down, and that little glimpse of it, from between the high and dingy walls, was a tantalizing reminder of the old life with its breadth and freedom among the hills.

Her mother fell asleep presently, and Katie sewed on. She must work. There was no such word as rest for her.

Suddenly she thought of Robert, and bent over and picked a cluster of forget-me-nots from a plant in the window and fastened it on her breast. No one could imagine how dear that simple little flower was to her. She had brought it into the city's dust and din because it was all she had to remember Robert by—except the love she bore him, and that was more than forget-me-nots.

By and by she heard a step upon the stair. Presently some one knocked.

She got up and went to the door and opened it.

Some one, bronzed and bearded, came in. Katie looked at him wonderingly, and feeling a strange little flutter at her heart that she could not account for.

"Don't you know me?" cried the stalwart fellow.

"Robert! oh, Robert!" cried Katie, and by that time she was sobbing on his breast and his arms were holding her very, very close.

"My poor little darling," cried Robert, kissing her over and over. "I've come back at last, and I think by the look of your face I ought to have come back long ago. You've been killing yourself with hard work and trouble."

That night, as they sat together, Katie, Robert, and Mrs. Sherryl, he told them of his life in California, and how it was that his letters did not reached Katie for so long. And then he told them how he had come back to Lonsdale and found them gone. Some one told him that he would find them in the city, and thither he had turned in search of them.

"They told me you took my forget-me-nots with you," he said. "I hunted high low, and inquired everywhere, but could find no traces of you. Chancing to pass this way, I looked up and saw the flowers in the window, and I knew I had found you at last. To-morrow we'll say good-bye to the city, and get out where we can breathe."

And so Katie's forget-me-nots brought back her lover to her.

ANCIENT AND MODERN WEALTH.

If now-a-days one is in possession of a million of dollars he is almost worshipped. It is now supposed that the Sprague family of Rhode Island is one of the richest in the land. They have built a monument worth $100,000. Much is spoken of the fortunes of the Astors, Vanderbilt, Stewart and the Rothschilds, but all their wealth looks insignificant, compared with the fortunes of olden times. Ptolemus Philadelphus, in Egypt, had a fortune of $350,000,000. Cleopatra drank a glass of wine in which was dissolved a pearl worth $40,000. Stewart, in New York, built a house that cost $300,000. What a pittance! Cicero paid $1,600,000 for a country seat. Messalla paid $2,000,000 for a homestead. Seneca, a philosopher like Horace Greeley, was worth $12,000,000. Tiberiotte left property worth $12,000,000.

Now-a-days every one is astonished if a man gets into bankruptcy with $100,000. Julius Cæsar owed $14,000 before he had any office. Marcus Antonius owed $1,500,000 on his election, March 7th, and paid it off March 15th. Not enough, he afterward cleared $20,000,000. Now, if an entertainment cost $1,000, it makes old people's hair stand upright! What is this to old Roman times? Æsop, the poet, paid $400,000 for a single party. Caligula paid the same price for a supper. They drank old wines worth twenty dollars an ounce, and roasted pigs over fires made of nuts and raisins. The bedsteads of Heliogabalus were of pure silver and gold. Eighty thousand dollars was necessary to keep up the dignity of a Roman senator. Cicero and Pompejus once paid a visit to Lucullus. Nobody was at home. They helped themselves, and it cost Lucullus $4,000.

The capacity of Rome's theatres was fabulous. The wooden theatre of Sharurus had 80,000 seats, the Coliseum 87,000 seats, beside 22,000 standing places. Rome had then between three and four millions of inhabitants. The Circus Maximus had room for 386,000 spectators. There were at that time nine hundred public bathing-places. In the fifth century, after Rome was plundered by the Germans and Vandals, Zacharias, a historian, reports from Rome 384 streets, 80 golden statues, 56,597 palaces, 13,052 fountains, 2,785 bronze statues of emperors and officers, 22 colossal horse statues, 41 theatres, 2,300 perfume stores, and 2,201 prisons. Thebes had paid for income duty in one year six millions of dollars. Alexandria had a library of 700,000 volumes, at a time when manuscripts were rare and costly. Athens had the Theatre of Bacchus, capable of holding thirty thousand people.

THE POWER OF AN ACT.—The single act of sin, like the solitary seed, unfolds itself in ever-branching stems of wickedness, which tyrannize over the soul, and terrify the drowsy conscience into silence—

"Sow an act, reap a habit;
Sow a habit, reap a character;
Sow a character, reap a destiny."

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AFTER YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY GLEN CAROL.

How should you guess that my heart was breaking,
As I laughed and talked with you idly to day?
I have dreamed my dream, and known its waking,
And lived to bear it as best I may.

The sunshine falls as brightly as ever—
The birds are warbling from every tree—
The men go to and fro at their labor,
And the children are shouting in noisy glee.

Still glows the landscape unchanged before me—
The river winds to the hungry sea—
And the pines that darken the dusky uplands
Sway to the west wind blowing free.

The same old spot! I could dream but an hour
Had passed since I stood by our cedar-tree—
But the charm that hung over field and river
And purple hills, is lost to me!

Lost! Lost and gone! No fair to-morrow,
With pencil dipped in the sunshine's glow,
Could paint these scenes as once I knew them,
Or find the rose under last year's snow!

POND-LILIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ANNE L. PORCELLE.

"Pond-lilies are fairest,
Pond-lilies are rarest,
Pond-lilies are purest
Of all our earthly flowers."

It was a low, sweet voice which floated through the darkness on the quiet air, and Roy Gildersleeve, hearing it, roused himself from the lazy, dream-like state into which he had fallen, on the veranda alone with his cigar, and rose to his feet.

"Miss Van Werter," he said. "Where can she have been?" And then he went quickly down the steps and toward the shrubbery, in the direction from which the voice seemed to come.

"You look like a veritable pond-lily yourself, Miss Van Werter," he said as he joined the slender white-robed figure coming up the garden path in the deepening twilight. "May I ask where you have been?"

"See!" she held out her hands, laden with a fragrant burden; "I have been down on the pond."

"You have not been there alone?"

She heard the little anxious tremor in his voice, and answered with a low laugh,

"Yes—alone. It was very pleasant, Mr. Gildersleeve."

"You ought not to have gone; the boat is unsafe—liable to upset at any moment, unless very skilfully managed; you must not go again, alone."

They were near the house now, and Roy Gildersleeve seeing a tall figure coming rapidly toward them, stopped short.

"It is your cousin," he said

And then the new-comer spoke, quickly, almost harshly.

"Is that you, Gertrude?"

"Yes—it is I." Unconsciously there was a little tone of weariness in Gertrude Van Werter's voice; it was as though she were tired of being "hunted up" and called to account. "Did you want me, Richard?"

"You are very careless to stay out so late," he said, touching her light dress. "Your clothes are damp already."

"Don't!" she said, almost sharply, drawing away from him. "The dew will not harm me. You will crush my lilies, Richard."

And then she went in—her white dress trailing behind her; her hair, slipping from its fastening, veiling her shoulders; her broad hat hanging by its ribbons from her arm; and the two men followed her.

How beautiful she looked as she stood distributing her treasures among the eager group which surrounded her. The bright light shone full upon her—on the glittering waves of her loosened hair, on her fair face with its marvellous delicacy of form and coloring, on her slender figure wonderfully graceful in every attitude and movement, on her white dress, soiled and torn, and clinging around her in damp folds. And as she stood there, with the lilies in her hands and lying on her bosom, Roy Gildersleeve's thoughts went back to a wonderful picture that he had seen years ago far over the sea. He almost fancied that there shone around her head a pale glory such as there had been around the beautiful head in the picture.

"Three for Miss Osgood, because she loves them. One for Captain Sarmiento, because, although he doesn't care for them, he must not be slighted. Only one for you, Richard, because you scolded me. There! are you satisfied? you have them all."

"And you have none," said Roy; "are you always as generous, Miss Van Werter?"

She gave him a swift glance, but before she could speak, her cousin interposed.

"Not another moment in that dress, Gertrude. I order dry clothing at once. I am your guardian for the present, and you must obey."

She hesitated a moment as though half inclined to rebel, but, meeting his authoritative gaze, flushed and turned away, with evident annoyance in her manner.

"As you please," she said. "I will go."

At the foot of the stairs some one touched her sleeve lightly, and turning, she saw Roy Gildersleeve standing close behind her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "will you take these?" He held a little basket in his hand filled to overflowing with the pure, white lilies that she loved.

"I got them myself this morning," he explained. "I thought no one cared for them as I did, and so I kept them in my room. Will you take them?"

She took the little basket with a smile. "Thank you," she said simply, "and you?"

"I have this."

She did not blush or look conscious, as another woman might have done when he showed her the little brown bud she had given him in the parlor. She looked at him with a little shadow of wonderment on her face, and that was all.

"Do you really care for that?" she said, as a child might have done. "It will bloom to-morrow, and may be the finest one of all."

"I hope so," he said, and then as she turned, he looked up at her with a pleading look on his handsome face. "To-morrow? Will you let me row you on the pond to-morrow at sunset?"

She hesitated a moment. "I cannot promise," she said, "Richard may not like me to go;" and then, seeing his disappointment, she looked back over her shoulder. "I'll not promise," she said, smiling this time, "but I think we can go."

The next evening at sunset, Roy Gildersleeve was sitting in the little boat, waiting for Miss Van Werter.

"We don't want half a dozen others," he had said almost crossly when she had mentioned inviting Gracie Delaney to go with them. "I asked you, Miss Van Werter," and so he had gone down first, and she had promised to slip away quietly when she could, and tell no one whither she was going.

Meanwhile Roy Gildersleeve, lying lazily back with his hat over his eyes and his arms folded under his head, listening to the little plash and ripple of the water against the sides of the boat, was doing something unusual in this generation—thinking earnestly and intently—and his thoughts were all of a white-robed woman with shining hair, the woman who had looked back and smiled at him over her shoulder the night before.

"O, what can all thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

It was Gertrude Van Werter's voice that roused him, and Gertrude Van Werter's self stood looking down at him with a smile on her fair face.

He laughed as he rose to his feet, and answered gayly,

"I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild."

"How many more are coming, Miss Van Werter?"

"None. Richard has gone to town to that horrid hospital, and I ran away from the rest."

"Thank you very much for so doing," he said as she took her seat. "It is not quite six o'clock yet. We have two hours at least."

She looked up with a little laugh. "Not quite, Mr. Gildersleeve. There is to be a dance at the house to-night, you remember, and I must have time to dress. Promise me that, or I'll not go."

"I promise," he said as she half rose, "anything you like, only stay;" and she sat down again, leaning over the side of the boat and gazing into the water as they glided from the shore.

Seen by daylight, Gertrude Van Werter's face was not perfect by any means, and Roy Gildersleeve, watching her attentively as she sat in that listlessly graceful attitude, her arms folded on the side of the boat and her face turned slightly away from him, wondered what it was about her that had attracted him at the first, and what it was that made him feel toward her as he did.

In repose, her face was not, strictly speaking, an attractive one. Her features were faultlessly regular, but she was pale and cold-looking. It was only when she spoke that one saw her at her best—then the faint flush which came to her cheeks and her wonderful smile transfigured her completely.

"I always feel when Miss Van Werter speaks," said a young gentleman describing her to a friend, "as Pygmalion must have felt when his statue came to life;" and that was precisely the effect she always produced.

"I can't understand it," said Roy to himself; but when she looked up and smiled at him, he did not wish to, he was content to have it so.

"How strange it is that the lilies will not stay open all the time!" she said; "they are morning flowers. Why are you so silent, Mr. Gildersleeve? You have scarcely spoken to me. Are you vexed?"

"Pardon me if I have been unsocial," he answered. "I was thinking."

She shook her head impatiently. "Don't talk society, please. I am tired of it. Of what were you thinking?"

"Of you."

"Thanks," she said. "Now, having done your duty as a gentleman, tell me the truth like a man."

"I will," he answered. "I was wondering, Miss Van Werter, why it is that I love you."

A crimson tide surged over her face even to her bright hair for a moment, and then she turned away almost coldly. "Thank you again for your candor. Let us go back now."

"Gertrude." Something in the voice—something in the earnest face beside her, made the proud head droop, and the white eyelids veil the blue eyes. "I have never loved any woman as I do you!—you can save me or ruin me with one word. Do you love me?"

"Don't!" she said, trying weakly to draw her hands away from his eager clasp. "What would Richard say?"

"Richard!" He turned away with that scornful repetition. "I forgot. You are engaged to him?"

"No," she answered simply. "Not engaged; but it has always been expected that I should marry him. He will be so harsh, so angry. Oh, Roy, what shall I do?"

It was the first time she had ever called him by that name, and a triumphant look came into his eyes. "Answer me," he said, "Do you love me?"

The color came to her downcast face again, deeper than before. "Yes," she answered softly. "I am afraid I do, Roy."

That night every one wondered at the change in Gertrude Van Werter—she seemed almost transfigured. Her usually coldly listless manner was gone. She was bright, sparkling, wonderfully fascinating.

"You almost frighten me," said Roy, as after a bewildering waltz, they stood for a moment in a curtained recess. "You are so unreal to-night. What is it, my darling?"

"Happiness," she answered. "Oh, Roy!" clinging to him, and looking up at him with a wonderful light in her eyes. "Will it last?"

"I hope so," he said softly. "Nothing can come between us now, Gertrude."

He looked down at her as she stood beside him, her face turned toward his. Her fair hair floating unconfined, and covering her shoulders with its shining waves, her dress of pale-blue falling around her in shimmering folds. A knot of lily buds at her bosom. "Tell me again that you love me," he whispered. "I am not sure that you are not a mocking spirit after all. Undine come back again."

"I love you," she said. "I trust you. I believe in you with my whole heart."

The next day at dusk, Richard Van Werter returned, his stern face looking sterner than ever with a wearied, worn look upon it which was unusual, and his cousin felt a sudden pity for him as she looked at him.

"You are tired," she said, as he joined her in the veranda. "Have you been worrying over an obstinate patient, Richard?"

"No," he answered briefly, and then his face darkened as he saw Roy Gildersleeve in the garden below, and saw the look in Gertrude's eyes as she returned his bow and smile. "I hate that man!" he said savagely as the tall figure passed by.

Gertrude turned away indifferently. "You are out of temper as usual," she said. "I will leave you to yourself."

She was going, but he caught her arm. "Stop!" he said fiercely. "I see what has happened. Gertrude you have—"

"I have promised to be Roy Gildersleeve's wife." She met his angry eyes bravely. "Let me go, Cousin Richard."

"You may go," he said, dropping her arm, "but will you take something from me to your promised husband?" He put a little locket in her hand. "Look at it," he said, and going to the lighted window, she did so. Touching a spring, a sweet, girlish face smiled up at her, and on the other side, beneath a ring of soft hair which glittered like spun gold, she saw the inscription "R. G. to Alice."

"Well?" said Richard, watching her narrowly. "Will you give it him?"

"Is it his?" The pale face looked up at him searchingly.

"It is Roy Gildersleeve's. The woman who sent it back to him died this morning at the hospital. A beauty she must have been once, but her pretty face was her curse. Gertrude—"

"You swear that it was he who"—the calm voice trembled there, and she stopped. "Oh, Richard! are you sure?"

"I swear it. Don't take it to heart, Gerty. It's the old story, that will be continued as long as there are foolish girls and unscrupulous men in the world. He's been a wild fellow in his life. There, Gerty!" as she turned away, "don't look so ghostly. Were you fool enough to think him perfect?"

"Yes," she answered, still speaking slowly, but very firmly, "I was."

Richard Van Werter looked after her as she walked away with a puzzled, half-repentant expression on his dark face. "I am almost sorry I told her," he said, under his breath; "and yet she would have found it out some day, when it would have hurt her more—when it would have been too late." And still, although he justified himself to himself in this way, he felt uneasy and greatly disturbed. "I wish she hadn't looked at me in that queer way," he thought. "I wish she hadn't taken it so quietly. I cannot understand her dumb ways;" but yet, in his heart, there was a feeling of exultation, nevertheless. He knew Gertrude well enough to know that her nature, weak and vacillating about some things, was hard and unyielding about others.

"She will never forgive him," he thought; "never while she lives, and perhaps—" Richard Van Werter's "Castles d'Espagne" were built with that word for the chief corner-stone.

That night Roy Gildersleeve found the locket in his room, lying on the table beside the flower which Gertrude had given him two nights before—the little brown bud which had blossomed and closed again—and he knew that his sin had found him out.

That night there was a sudden alarm in the great house. Hurrying feet, hushed, frightened voices, and terror-stricken faces. Gertrude Van Werter had disappeared.

She had gone to her room early, pleading headache as an excuse, but Gracie Delaney, going by her door, late in the evening, had looked in, and found it empty.

There had been a heavy shower during the evening, and the rain, drifted in by the gale, had flooded the floor and drenched the furniture; a vase of pond-lilies had been overturned by the wind, the vase broken, and the lilies scattered over the table and floor; evidently Gertrude had been a long time absent—she must have gone before the storm.

And so they searched and called, but all in vain; but when the clouds cleared away and the moon shone out clear and bright, it saw, lying on the dark bosom of the pond, a boat—empty and overturned, and looking down deep into the water it saw a pale, cold face, with long, fair hair clinging around it, smiling peacefully down below the pond-lilies.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BAFFLING MYSTERY.

When Mr. Ketchem came to himself again, he was lying prone on the floor of the lower hall, and Vincent Raynham was kneeling beside him, copiously deluging his head and face with cold water.

"Ugh!" he gasped, and sat bolt upright, dripping like a water-rat.

Vincent laughed at his comical look of distress. "I thought you were a dead man, sure enough," he said. "Do tell me what has happened that I should find you here in this condition?"

Mr. Ketchem instantly remembered all that had occurred—the stealthy footsteps in the passage, the two dark figures in the library, and the terrible blow he had received so unexpectedly.

"I might just as well ask why you are here, young man," he said, sternly.

"My dear sir, I came to play the good Samaritan for your especial benefit. Bah! how very ungrateful you are."

The lawyer eyed that bright, handsome face half-distrustfully.

"You choose to play the *role* alone," he muttered. "That is unnatural. It is human nature to want an abundance of witnesses when one does a good deed."

Vincent laughed aloud now, not in the least disconcerted.

"You see, sir," he said, frankly, "I wished to avoid alarming the house, if possible. My mother would have been deeply shocked if she had seen you lying so still and white as you were a moment since. Besides, I was doing by myself all that could be done to restore you to consciousness."

"Humph."

"You received an ugly blow on the head, sir. Here's a deep gash, and your hair is matted with blood. Come up to my room if you are strong enough to walk, and I will dress your wound. Afterwards you can tell me how you got it."

Mr. Ketchem growled out some indistinct reply. After sitting with his hand pressed to his forehead for a moment or two, he said abruptly:

"You have not told me how *you* happened to be on the scene so opportunely."

It had suddenly occurred to him that Vincent's might be the figure he had seen bending over the couch. It was a wild thought, but it would come.

"No," the young man returned, calmly. "But I can do so in a very few words. I had a bad dream, and could not rest after it. While I was tossing on my couch, I heard what sounded like a heavy fall, followed by a stifled groan, down in this direction. Of course I got up, and came hurrying down. You were lying here senseless."

"In the passage?"

"In the passage, exactly where you are now."

The lawyer felt bewildered and at a loss. He looked at Vincent's dress. That murderous figure had stood by the couch in his shirt and drawers. But Vincent was dressed throughout, except that his feet were bare; and his clothes bore unmistakable evidence that they had been hastily put on.

He detected Mr. Ketchem's glance, and looked down at his own somewhat slovenly-clad figure. "One can't wait to make himself neat when robbery and murder, for aught he knows, may be going on in the house," he said.

"Oh, no, no!"

Mr. Ketchem already felt ashamed of his momentary suspicion. "I'm an old fool," he muttered, "you will do best not to mind me."

"But I shall mind you—enough, at least, to get you more comfortable quarters. Come along, sir."

The lawyer staggered to his feet. But instead of turning to the staircase, he pushed open the library door—which was close shut again—and cried out sharply:

"Hold the light, Vincent. If anybody is in this room, I mean to know it."

Vincent crossed the threshold, and trod the circuit of the room, passing close to the couch in doing this. Nobody was there—the two mysterious figures had vanished utterly.

"Are you satisfied, sir?" asked Vincent, as he came slowly back on the opposite side from which he had gone in.

"Perfectly so."

"How odd of you to think somebody must be hiding in this room."

"Somebody was in this room only a few minutes since."

Vincent stared. "What do you mean? Your fall must have disturbed your brain."

"I had no fall. I was knocked down!"

"Good God! You don't mean that—you can't mean that! Knocked down at midnight, and in my mother's house? Impossible. I can't believe it. You must have been dreaming."

"Does that look like a dream?" said the lawyer savagely, pointing to his wounded head. "Does one get wounds on his head when he is dreaming? Does he get his senses knocked clean out of him, as happened with me?"

"A fall might even do all that for a sleep-walker."

"But I'm not a sleep-walker, never was, and never expect to be."

"Who could have dealt you such a blow?"

"I'm as much in the dark as you are."

"Perhaps there are robbers in the house."

"I don't think so."

He went on hastily to recount all that had happened under his own observation. Vincent listened eagerly, growing pale and red, and pale and red half a dozen times at least in as many minutes.

When Mr. Ketchem ceased speaking, he took up the light a second time and searched the room precisely as he had searched it before, and with the same result.

"I must think over all this," he said, in an agitated voice. "It has a bad look. I must take time to think over it. Do come up-stairs with me. You can?"

"Yes, if you will lend me the use of your shoulder. I'm a little shaky in the legs yet."

"Of course I shall help you up."

They made their way slowly to Mr. Ketchem's room. Nobody seemed to have taken the alarm, for nobody met them in the passage, and not the slightest stir could now be heard anywhere in the house.

"This is fortunate," panted Vincent, when the bed-room door was closed and locked behind them. "We are spared the necessity of inventing any excuse for this most singular affair."

The lawyer looked hard at him, but said nothing.

Vincent now proceeded to dress the wound Mr. Ketchem had received. He did this deftly and carefully, and discovered to his joy that it was comparatively slight, and no evil whatever was likely to result from it.

"A little sleep will set you all right again, sir. I'm glad of that—oh, I'm glad of that."

"Why are you glad?"

The young man seemed confused. "For a variety of reasons," he returned at last, in an evasive manner. "In the first place, you are a friend of the family, and we all are fond of you—"

"That is nonsense!" interrupted Mr. Ketchem, impatiently. "Tell me the true reason, or tell me none at all."

"Then I'll tell you none at all."

He drew near the door as he said this, and paused there; but finally turned and went back again.

"May I ask a favor of you, Mr. Ketchem?" he said, his lips white and trembling.

"Eh? A dozen if you like, young man."

"One will content me."

"What is it?"

"Your promise that you will not mention the occurrences of this night to anybody."

"Go to the devil! What will be the harm of speaking of it?"

Vincent looked very grave. "I know, but you do not. If you speak of what has happened, inquiries are sure to be set on foot that may prove fatal to one member of this household."

"To whom do you refer?"

"I decline to tell you."

The lawyer studied Vincent's agitated face for a few moments. "I promise," he said at last. "But how am I to account for my broken head?"

"In any manner you please."

He unlocked the door and crossed the threshold. "You are very good, Mr. Ketchem," he said, then looking back. "If the truth ever comes out, I am sure you will not regret your kindness and forbearance at the present time."

With the last word he was gone, and Mr. Ketchem was left alone.

Watching and waiting there by himself in the stillness of the night, he mused.

What had actually happened? Whose were those dark figures he had seen? Did one of them belong to that most unfortunate and unhappy man, Victor Raynham? Vincent's mysterious words seem to point to something of the sort. Whose, then, was the other figure? and had he prevented murder by appearing at the library door so opportunely?

He could not tell. Everything seemed dark and perplexing. At last, wearied out with thought and vain conjecture, he threw himself on the bed and slept until the yellow glare of the sun, shining in upon his face through the half-open window, awoke him.

But the morning brought no solution to the riddle that had puzzled him during the hours of the night.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BITTEREST BLOW OF ALL.

Victor Raynham did not come down to breakfast with the rest that morning. In point of fact, it was nearly noon before he made his appearance below stairs at all.

He seemed strangely dull and stupid and languid on first coming down. His mother tried to put a little spirit into him, but failed utterly. Dora made the second attempt, and was scarcely more successful. He seemed cheerful and contented enough, but—stupid!

An ugly word, but no other expresses half so clearly what I mean.

Mr. Ketchem had reasons for observing his condition very closely. And he was not pleased with what he saw. He felt his wounded head and knit his brow thoughtfully. But he did not give utterance to what was passing in his mind. A slight coldness, however, crept into his manner toward the young man.

After the lapse of two or three hours, Victor began to recover something of his usual animation. He had been pale and listless, for all the world like a person recovering from the effects of some powerful sedative. But now his eyes brightened, and a very slight tinge of color came into his cheeks.

"I believe my head isn't just right this morning," he said, apologizing for his absent manner. "I feel as if there were a dozen trip-hammers knocking about my temples."

"You need the fresh air," said Dora. "Come into the garden with me."

This was an invitation not to be declined. Victor tucked her arm under his, and muttering some nonsensical wish about "tucking her bodily into his heart," he led her out upon the lawn.

It was a lovely day, lazy and luxurious with midsummer scents and sounds. There was the whirr of wings in the air, the drone of insect life in the long grasses, and the purple richness of the richest season of the year spread its glories over hill and dale and river and sky—all that made up the beautiful landscape.

The lovers wandered on to a little bench standing in the shadow of some trees, and then sat down.

"Everything is so beautiful," murmured Victor; "and I am so happy now that I know you love me too well ever to doubt me again."

Dora smiled, but a shudder—a very slight shudder ran through her frame. Was she not deceiving him? Had she ever really given up her old, torturing doubts?

"I pray God that nothing may ever come between us again," she said, earnestly.

He was holding her hand clasped tightly in his own. It seemed so good, so blessed, to be near her again with no dark shadow looming between them. He could have dropped on his knees, then and there, and thanked God with a full heart, that it was so.

Alas, he saw not the greater trouble that was to overtake him within the hour.

"Are you sure, quite sure," he whispered presently, "that you love me just as well now that you know of the disgraceful stigma that must attach itself to me and mine?"

She hesitated a minute, and then said:—

"You refer to your father, of course?"

"Yes. To what other person could I refer in such a connection?"

"Oh, Victor," she cried, "your father's sins do not weigh one feather's weight with me. I have scarcely thought of them. Indeed, I should be perfectly happy in spite of them if I could only be sure—"

She stopped abruptly, and bit her lip. "Oh heavens!" she thought. "How near I was to betraying something that would have wounded my poor Victor sorely."

He saw her confusion, and searched her sweet face over and over in sad uncertainty.

"Dora," he said, in a sharp, quick tone, wholly unlike that in which he had last spoken, "let me put one question that is of the deepest moment to us both. You know *I* did not steal the five thousand dollars from my mother's desk. Who did?"

She winced and changed color.

"Don't ask me," she cried, pushing up both hands before her face. "Don't ask me. The subject distresses me beyond my powers of endurance. For pity's sake let it rest."

"I will, since you request it. But there are many things I wished to say to you."

"No matter. I cannot hear them."

"You shall not. Then, compose yourself, my darling. We must leave the whole matter in the hands of God. He will make all things clear in his own good time."

"Yes," she returned softly, but she shivered as she spoke.

Victor made haste to change the subject; and he did this so gracefully and well that he and Dora came nearer to a perfect understanding than they had done for many a weary day.

Presently an interruption occurred. They were sitting close together, hand clasped in hand, when footsteps became audible in the winding path, and so close upon them that they had barely time to spring apart before a shadow fell on the green turf at their feet.

It was a woman's shadow, and of course a woman followed close upon it.

Victor started to his feet with a loud exclamation of astonishment. Then he stood petrified.

"Honoria Vance!" he cried out. "Is it possible?"

It was indeed the beautiful mistress of Lotus Lodge. But she was ten times more bewildering than ever, with a rich crimson burning in either cheek, and a strange sparkle lighting up her wondrous eyes.

She did not speak, but stood looking straight at Victor, as if she intended to read him through and through. He cowered under her steadfast gaze, and his head dropped on his breast.

"May I ask what brings you to this place, Honoria Vance?" he began.

Still she deigned him no answer. Dora began to stare from one to the other in incredulous surprise. What did it all mean? How did it happen that Victor knew the woman and had never spoken of her before? Why did he now speak of her by another name?

"Victor," she said, gently, "have you not made a mistake? This lady is Miss Peyton."

"Miss Peyton?"

"Yes; Miss Peyton, of Lotus Lodge."

"Ah!" he started, and the color came back to his cheeks again. "It is strange I never met her in any of my walks. I have often heard Miss Peyton's name mentioned. But I never once thought of connecting her with Honoria Vance."

All this was said more to himself than to either of his auditors. Honoria smiled, but in a half-scornful manner, and at last condescended to speak to him.

"Shall I tell you why you never met me in any of your walks?" she asked.

He was silent, on his side, now. "Yes," said Dora, speaking for him, "pray tell us."

"Because I took good care to keep out of your way, sir," her lovely, almond-shaped eyes glowing at him almost balefully.

Once again did Dora constitute herself his mouth-piece.

"Why should you care to keep out of his way, madam?"

"That is my secret, Miss Desmond," turning upon her abruptly. "But I don't mind telling it to you. I have been *watching* Mr. Victor Raynham. And I did not care that he should know he was being watched until that fact could be safely revealed to him."

The poor girl stared hard at her. What could all this mean? Mysteries were deepening, instead of coming any nearer a solution.

"I confess that you puzzle me," she said, with dignity. "I find myself at a loss to comprehend your reasons for watching Victor."

"Of course you do. What should you know about the matter? Nothing, since you are the very last person to whom that man would speak of it."

She pointed at Victor. There was a surprising malevolence in her tone of voice, a half-angry impatience breaking through the sheen of her lovely eyes.

"To what matter do you refer?"

"Shall I tell her, Victor?"

"Of course you may tell her," he exclaimed, passionately. "Or rather you may tell *me* what you mean, for I am as much in the dark as she is."

"Quite sure?"

"Perfectly; unless you intend to bring up that old affair at Longdown; and you will not be such a fool."

"Humph! I may."

"As you please, madam. I should have told Dora the whole story myself, some day. It doesn't matter much. It will come quite as gracefully from your lips, no doubt."

He sat down on the bench again, and tried to put on an air of resignation. But Dora, looking at him with a sick feeling at her heart, saw that his agitation was extreme, and he controlled it with difficulty.

"To what story do you refer?" she murmured faintly.

He looked at Honoria. The beautiful Jezebel seemed to study with herself for a minute or two before she answered. At last she said:

"Permit me to ask a question in my turn, Miss Desmond. It is this. Does Victor Raynham profess to love you,—and has he asked you to be his wife?"

Dora drew back indignantly.

"You have no right to encroach on such subjects, madam."

"You mistake. I *have* a right; and I insist that you shall answer me."

An indefinable something in her manner drew a confession of the truth from Dora's lips.

"He does love me—and he has asked me to be his wife."

"Then he *is* a villain!"

At those most singular words, Victor stared hard at her, sought to rise from the bench where he was sitting, and fell back again, groaning audibly.

Dora saw how white and helpless he looked, and love got the better of her. Obeying a sudden impulse she sprang forward, caught up one of his hands which dangled limp and nerveless at his side, and raised it to her lips over and over again.

"Leave us this instant," she cried, angrily, "if you have only come here to insult us."

Honoria laughed insolently.

"Why don't you ask *why* I call him a villain?" she said.

"I do not wish to know. I would rather not hear anything you can tell me. If there is anything I ought to hear, it shall come from Victor's lips."

"Look at him," was the sneering answer, "and see if he is capable of telling a fact that you ought to learn at once."

She did look; and she had never seen Victor so terribly shaken. He was livid as a corpse, and held up his hands to her piteously.

"I am doomed, doomed," he moaned. "In one way or another, the devil is bound to compass my ruin. It is useless to struggle. I might as well submit at once!"

His hopeless tones sent a chill all through Dora's sensitive frame.

"Why won't you go?" she cried, sharply, thrusting out her hand at Honoria. "Why won't you leave us to ourselves?"

"Because I have not told what I came to tell."

"I will not hear it."

"You *shall* hear it! I have waited days and days for this opportunity—and am not to be baffled now. I can put what I have to tell into a single sentence, if you insist."

"Do so," said Dora, folding her arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Leonard Parish's Wife.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

It was one of those foolish, headstrong, early marriages. He nineteen, she sixteen, and of course, after the glamour and halo of the honeymoon had worn off, they were very unhappy. Of course, I say, because nine cases out of ten prove so.

Leonard Parish was young, handsome, poetical, and the son of a wealthy physician. Kate Rice was pretty, an accomplished musician, and a graceful dancer. Leonard met her first at a dancing party; fell in love with her pretty brunette face, and in three months imagined himself irrevocably in love, and proposed marriage. Her father, a merchant tailor, objected, declaring her too young. Leonard's father offered the same objection, and then the silly creatures imagined themselves the victims of tyrannical parents, and ran away and were married, and went to boarding in a private house, but a stone's throw from Leonard's home.

Dr. Parish was grieved and annoyed, but concluded to make the best of a bad matter, and so took them home. For a few months all went smoothly, and they imagined themselves in Paradise.

Then Kate's unpleasant disposition began to manifest itself. She grew peevish and impatient if her slightest wish was crossed. If she wanted to go to a picnic, or merry-making of any kind, and weather prevented, she would pout for hours. She wanted more finery than Leonard could purchase, and storms of tears and harsh words greeted him almost daily.

Leonard tried patience and forbearance, but in vain, and at length his own fiery temper was aroused, and a hot scene ensued. They had a terrible time, and Kate declared she was a fool ever to marry him, and would not speak for days after. So it went on, from bad to worse, and at last she began to threaten to leave him. When it came to that, Leonard quietly told her he thought she *had* better leave him, that he was sure they never could be happy together, and this life of contention was unendurable.

"No doubt you would be glad to get rid of me, that you might marry some one more suited to your taste," she sneered.

"Hush!" he said, with that white look on his face that always frightened her. "You know me better than that. You know that I think it would be a sin for either of us ever to marry while the other lived; and God knows I have not been so happy in my married life that I should care to repeat it again. I will go my way, and you go yours. Our lives are ruined; but we shall be less miserable apart than together."

"My life is not ruined," she sneered. "Don't imagine that I shall droop and pine if I leave you. I have an uncle, who offered to take me to Europe once and give me a musical education. I was insane enough to prefer marrying you, and so refused his offer. Now I shall accept it, and go and be happier than I ever was before."

So she went. They had been married but eighteen months; she was but a few months past seventeen, and he was not yet twenty-one. Yet they had passed through ages of misery, and both lives were embittered.

She sailed for Europe with her uncle within a month after she left him; he remained at home for half a year, denied himself all society, and applied himself to his books. Then the war broke out, and he enlisted, almost glad of the contest, since it gave him an opportunity to forget his troubles in scenes of excitement and danger.

He enlisted as a private, served six years, was discharged as a colonel, with one empty sleeve, and breveted a general. In all those years he had been absent from the society of women; had thought only of war, and things thereunto pertaining. Consequently he had not been thrown in the way of temptation, had not been tried. But he came home to find himself a hero in his own city, to be smiled upon by fair faces, to have bright eyes look into his, and soft fingers clasp his one hand. "General Parish," as he was now known, was a hero, covered with honors, handsome as a bronze statue, and many were the parties, sociables and excursions gotten up in his behalf.

That old affair of his was forgotten, by many, not known by others, and only half remembered by any. Nearly seven years of excitement and change had passed, since he and his wife separated, and the majority of those who knew the circumstances were no longer there, and he was regarded by all as a single man, and a "good catch." A few thought of him as a "grass widower," and others supposed him to be in reality a widower. But his father had died during the war, leaving him a fine property, and he was now General Parish, famous, handsome, rich, and sought, and admired by all.

As for him, he never mentioned that dark page in his life's history to any living soul. It seemed to him it was known to all. He felt himself a branded man, and wherever he went he thought people read in his face the story of his separation from his wife. He could not make a hermit of himself, people would ask him out, and after he had accepted a few invitations, he found himself growing fond of society, and before he realized it, he was in the whirlpool of fashionable dissipation; concerts, balls, theatres and operas.

Everywhere he went, he saw the face of Ada Lancaster. It was always just opposite him at the opera, always just one side, so he saw the fair profile, at the theatre, and it whirled by him in the mazes of the dance, at ball and hop. She seemed to him like some fair, white saint, that he could gaze up to with worshipful eyes, but could not reach.

Sometimes he took her and her mother out to operas and concerts, he never waited upon young ladies, save when accompanied by mothers, or chaperones. Sometimes she whirled upon his one arm in the dance, and smiled up into his face with her clear, saint-like eyes, yet always she seemed so far away, so high up out of his reach. He knew he had no right to love her—knew that he was walled away from her, and supposed that she

knew it. Yet he did love her, with the one great love of his lifetime. He could not absent himself from her society, he frequented places where he knew she would be, only to look upon her face. No word of love escaped his lips, and he thought his secret was not suspected, but Ada Lancaster read it in his eyes, and her heart thrilled with unutterable joy, for was he not to her the prince of the earth; the knight of her castle; the hero of her maiden dreams, and where was there another like him.

Promenading upon his arm, up and down the moon-lit portico at Mrs. Danbury's soiree, the tenderness and love of her young heart, shone upon her flower-like face, as she lifted it to his while he conversed. Looking down upon her, and seeing what was written so plainly upon her face, the barrier between them seemed to melt away, and a great happiness seemed almost within his grasp.

His dark eyes flashed, his whole face glowed, he drew her closer, and burning words quivered upon his lips, then suddenly checking himself, and drawing back, he said coldly, "Pardon me, I had nearly forgotten for the first time in eight years, that I was fettered. I beg your forgiveness, Miss Lancaster, but there are times when a man forgets everything, but his heart, and this is one. 'Lead us not into temptation,' should be a strongly emphasized portion of my prayer. Let us return to the ball-room."

She placed her hand upon his arm. "No," she said, "not until you explain. What do you mean by this talk of *pardon* and forgiveness. What have you done, and how have you given cause for offence. I do not understand."

He looked down upon her face, and saw that the expression was one of wonder and surprise alone, and then he knew that she had not heard his story.

"Is it possible," he said, "that you do not know my history! I had supposed it familiar to all. Have you never heard, Miss Ada, that I am a married man?"

She drew back from him as if he had struck her. Her face flushed crimson, and then paled to ashen gray, but she did not speak. Then he told her the story in a few swift words. "I had supposed you knew of this," he said, "or I would never have entered your presence. I loved you long ago, indeed from the first of my acquaintance with you, and I could not resist seeking your society. But I hoped to conceal my love—never thought to express it to you. To night I forgot myself for one moment, and almost spoke what was in my heart. It was wrong, I know, and if you will but pardon me, I promise never by word or act to offend again I will go away—"

"No, no," she interrupted, "you must not go away. You did not turn your back to the enemy in the heat of battle, but braved danger. Why not do so now, instead of fleeing like a coward. Stay here, meet me daily, learn to think of me only as your *friend*, what I will be from this moment. We can conquer our hearts, and we will. My friend let us not be cowardly, let us not give society aught to gossip over by forswearing each other's companionship. We can meet, and dance, and converse as we have done, and no word of love, no *thought* of love pass between us. Now we must return to the ball-room; I believe I promised you the next quadrille."

And so the days went on, and a year passed, and no one knew their secret. Sometimes rumor coupled their names together, but people had nearly grown tired waiting for General Parish to choose a wife from the many fair women he could have for the asking, and concluded he was invulnerable.

The papers had been blazing with the name of Mlle. Nictori, a remarkable songstress, who had won laurels in several neighboring cities, and who was to make her debut there that evening, December 28. Just from Europe, where she had received the most thorough education and won laurels, she was destined to have a world-wide reputation ere many years passed over her head, predicted the morning papers, for which elaborate puffs they were most handsomely paid by Mlle. Nictori and her manager.

General Parish read the notices leisurely as he sat at breakfast and wondered if he had better go, and concluded that he had, and also that he had better take Mrs. Lancaster and her daughter. He had fought the battle, and conquered so far that he never forgot himself, although almost daily in the presence of Ada Lancaster. They were most excellent friends they told each other, and they were.

Ada was passionately fond of music, and it would be a great pleasure to her to listen to this new star. So he gave the invitation, and at the appointed hour accompanied the ladies to their box. It was a brilliant scene, beautiful women, handsome men, gay costumes, the very elite of society. But fairer, purer, sweeter, more saint-like than any other was the face of Ada Lancaster in the eyes of one man; and grander than any crowned king was one man to her. The music ceased, the hum of conversation hushed, for the star, the Mlle. Nictori came forward, and opera glasses were raised, and she was scanned by thousands of curious eyes. A beautiful woman, surely, in the very zenith of life, with a dark, glorious face, eyes dusky, and full of passion, lips like crimson berries, and waving black hair that fell below the voluptuously beautiful waist.

She was greeted with a storm of applause, that grew frantic after she sang, for her voice was magnificent, and the ease with which she accomplished the difficult passages, and the passion which she threw into her voice brought forth the most enthusiastic applause from all parts of the house. Mlle. Nictori retired from the stage, but was called back repeatedly, and acknowledged the compliment by a most delicious bow and smile that renewed the applause.

Ada Lancaster had never taken her eyes from the singer since her appearance, but, as she retired for the last time, she turned her glowing face to General Parish.

"How beautiful," she said, "and what a voice—why, General Parish, you are ill."

No wonder she thought so, for his face was as pale as death.

He leaned down till his lips were close to her ear. "Yes," he said, "I am ill, for that woman who sang is my wife. It was like seeing one risen from the dead, and it unnerved me."

Mlle. Nictori appeared once more during the evening, and Ada gazed upon her with new interest. How beautiful she was! and now he would go back to her—the old unhappy past would be forgotten, and they would live and love anew. It could not well be otherwise—she hoped they *would* be happy again, but her heart ached while she thought it.

All day long Mlle. Nictori had paced the room of her hotel. She had started at every step on the stairs, flushed at every tap on her door, but evening, and her hour for departure came, and he whom she had watched for had not made his appearance. She sang again that evening to a crowded house, and was loudly applauded, and repeatedly encored, but she went back to her hotel dispirited and unhappy, for the box she had watched was not filled. General Parish was not there to hear her sing.

Early the next morning she called a page, and asked him if he knew where General Parish lived. The boy knew well. "Then take this to him, and bring an answer," she said, handing the boy a sealed note.

In half an hour the boy returned, and gave an answer into her hands:

"I cannot think why you should wish to see me—but I will call at three, and hear what you have to say."

She bit her lip till the pearly teeth almost met, when she read it—and then her eyes flashed, and a triumphant smile lighted her face. She went to the long mirror, and gazed at the beautiful reflection.

"Surely," she said, "if I was lovely then, I am beautiful now. He must have forgotten that past—he *must* love me some yet, or he would not still be single. Surely, surely I can win him back."

She was dressed in trailing rose-colored silk, with gleaming jewels on neck, fingers, and arms, when he came. The servant showed him into her parlor—she rose to meet him with outstretched hands. He gave her his one hand gravely.

"Well?" he said, and stood waiting.

"Well!" she repeated, with blazing eyes, "is that all the greeting you have for your wife?"

He shook his head, and smiled sadly.

"When you left me, eight years ago," he said, "you told me you hoped never to set your eyes upon me again—that you were happy in the thought that oceans would divide us. Can you expect, can you desire a very warm greeting from me now, Katharine?"

Oh how the sound of her name, spoken by his voice, thrilled her.

"Expect, desire it," she cried; "good heavens, can you not see that I have come back to you, with all the old love renewed—that I stand before you, craving to be taken back into your heart, and to be loved as of yore?"

He turned his face to the window.

"You are still my wife," he said, "but I have no love to give you, Katharine. I forgive you for all the misery you have caused me—but I cannot love you."

Her dark eyes flashed fire; her whole frame quivered. She clenched her hands, and glared at him with all the olden fury.

"No," she cried, "you love another. A pale, white faced, puny creature; I saw her by your side; I saw you gaze down upon her, as you *used* to gaze at me. I know who she is—there is little that concerns you I do not know. But, mark me; if you ever dare make that moon-faced creature your wife, I will kill her—murder her in cold blood. I—"

"Oh, hush," he interrupted. "I will not hear you talk so. I shall never make any woman my wife while you live. How could I? No, I shall not drag our names into court, to obtain a divorce. I do not desire one. I have no thoughts of marriage. My past experience is sufficient. If this ends our interview, I will take my departure."

He turned to go, but she threw herself before him. "Oh, do not leave me," she cried, "without one word of love. I have toiled for years with the one hope of coming back to you. I have lived on the thoughts of our meeting, I have waited for this hour. Leonard, Leonard, you *must* take me back."

Her cry smote him to the heart. He put her gently from him.

"Katharine," he said, "I forgive you for the past. You left me of your own free will and accord, and blighted my whole life and embittered my manhood. All that is forgiven, but I *cannot* love you, I cannot speak one word of love to you. I am glad of your success, glad of the laurels you are winning, but you can never be any nearer to me than you now are. We could not be happy together. You have not materially changed, save to mature, and I am no more patient than I used to be. Why live the old unhappy past over again? Now farewell; we may not meet again on this earth."

He was gone, his step was descending the stair. She threw herself, face downward, upon the crimson lounge, sobbing in a delirium of frenzy, anger, disappointment, wounded pride and blighted hopes. She *had* looked forward all those years to the hour of meeting her husband. She had kept track of him all through the war, and knew of his honors. She had imagined herself coming back to him, falling upon his sight like a comet, and dazzling him with her brilliancy. She had thought he would seek her, had pictured to herself how she would be cold, distant, reserved to him at the first, until after long persuasion she would consent to return to him. She was so beautiful, he *must* love her. And now—oh! it was a bitter, bitter humiliation. She lay motionless for hours thinking. Then she rose, and drawing on a waterproof cloak and hood, went down the stairs, out upon the street. With rapid steps she sought a druggist's, made her purchase, and retraced her steps. She went to her room, emptied the contents of the phial into a glass of water and drank it. Then she went to the mirror, brushed the ripples of long dark hair, took out her jewel case, and twisted another string of pearls about her hair, and descended the stairs to the public parlor, and took her seat at the grand piano.

It was just six o'clock when she sat down. A few people were in the room when she began to sing, but it was crowded ere many moments had elapsed. She sang as she had never sung before. People upon the street paused to listen. The wild, passionate strains floated out, bringing tears to eyes that seldom wept. The waiters of the hotel paused in their work to listen. The guests opened their doors that the sounds might float up more distinctly. Wave upon wave of wonderful melody surged through the halls. Mlle. Nictori was advertising her voice as the papers could not do it. But she was to sing that evening. Was it not injudicious to sit and sing for an hour in the public parlor?

It was just an hour before she paused. The clock struck six as she took her seat. It struck seven as she broke down in the midst of a wild-appealing strain, and fell upon the floor in spasms. The contents of the phial had done its work, and all the medical aid that could be summoned was of no avail. Mlle. did not sing at the opera-house that evening, but lay with crossed hands in her room, very white and still. The passionate, wilful, unhappy woman had taken her own life in a fit of anger and disappointment and wounded self-love.

Leonard Parish felt some pangs of remorse and sorrow when he gazed upon her corpse. And yet he could but feel that he did right in telling her the truth. The coroner's decision was "suicide," for the testimony of the druggist's clerk, and the empty phial in her room, left him no other decision.

General Parish packed his valise, and set out for a tour of Europe the morning after his wife's burial. "I shall be absent one year, perhaps more," he said to Ada Lancaster. "Good-bye," and that was all. No word, no glance, no pressure of the hand even other than he would have given any friend. Yet at the close of the year, when he returned, he found her waiting; and then he spoke the words he had *almost* spoken that evening at Mrs. Danbury's. And the woman, with the face of a saint, answered "yes," and to-day reigns queen of Leonard Parish's heart and home.

☞ An industrious and gentlemanly appearing bug, with a "rip saw" in his mouth, is delighting the Ohio farmers by his expertness in sawing up the Colorado potato bug. He does it for fun only, and it takes just two seconds to cut a potato bug into kindling wood after he gets his mandibles fastened on the latter.

☞ Abraham W. Ballard, of Michigan, was killed by lightning a few nights since, while in bed asleep. His wife, who was sleeping with him, knew nothing of the occurrence until she awoke quite late in the morning and found him dead.

☞ The year 1816 was the coldest ever known in New England. There was no summer—and ice formed in June, July, and August.

HAD SHE BUT KNOWN.

BY THEODORE GIFT.

A still, quiet day in February; the air mild and soft, and filled with a faint, pearly haze, through which the sun shone with the shy sweetness of a bride half shrouded in her misty veil; crocuses thrusting their white and lilac heads out of the damp mould in London squares and gardens; a faint, rosy flush dimpling the tips of the almond-trees in the Park; the mounted policeman in the Row looking very much like an ill-stuffed cloth figure of Patience on a monument smiling at—emptiness; a small dog barking at the fleets of ducks as they emerged from the mist on the gray silver of the Serpentine; a girl sitting on a bench waiting: that was all. Waiting? Yes; does not every one know the unmistakable something which stamps a person as being in a state of expectancy—be it of a passing cab, a sister in the nearest shop, or a lover always too late? Don't ask me to explain what it is, for I can't tell you. Not restlessness! This girl sat as still as if carved out of stone, her hands folded on her knee in perfect, motionless quiet—not an impatient expression. Her face, a pretty, neat-featured little face, too, was pale and a trifle sad; but no shade of impatience ruffled the folded lips or the steady, far-away gaze of the large, gray, misty eyes. No. I don't know what it is, and I give it up; but every man and woman of common discernment knows what I mean, and would have agreed with me that Mazie (pet name for Margaret) Jerningham was waiting, and had been waiting for the last ten minutes; was getting tired of the occupation, too, for the eyes had acquired a deeper shade of pain, the "perfect lips," as Tennyson hath it, were set more firmly: and—but here he was!

A tall, broad-shouldered man of eight or nine and twenty; brown eyes; brown, curly hair, cropped in that peculiarly close, convict cut which our lads assume now-a-days; brown moustache; a handsome, hearty face, browned also by out-door exercise and foreign suns—a face, the expression of which could be sweet and winning as a woman's, but which was clouded now by a look mixed up of annoyance, shame, and defiance—an unpleasant combination expressed, strangely enough, in his very walk, expressed (used I say it, this being the nineteenth century?) not at all in his greeting.

"Here before me, Mazie! I am so sorry, but I really could not get away sooner. An old friend of mine, Hammond of the Tenth, detained me at the club."

"I always come here early that Jack may enjoy his swim without running the risk of spoiling any one's fine dress afterward," she said, hardly waiting for his explanation, and taking away the hand he was still holding. Will Travers looked at her more closely, and, as if glad to find an excuse for the pallor on lip and brow, burst out:

"You are vexed at me for being late, Mazie, and it was so good of you coming; but indeed—"

"I am not vexed at all, and I came here on Jack's account, as I told you last night," she answered haughtily, and turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders as Lieutenant Travers cried out, "Hang Jack! You think of nothing but that dog. I asked you if I might come and meet you."

"And I told you the path by the Serpentine was not my property."

"But you never said I was not to. [When men are excited their grammar is generally at fault.] You know I would come, that I would not break an appointment with you."

"Mr. Travers," said the girl, proudly, "I would not *make* an appointment with you or any other man; though," her voice changing as she met his startled look, "after all, you are right. It comes to the same thing in the end. What humbugs we all are!"

"Don't speak in that way, Mazie," pleaded her lover. "What makes you so strange this morning? Why are you so cold and bitter?"

"Because—because, Will, I am getting very tired of all this," she answered, looking up at him suddenly. They were standing by the water's edge now, with Jack describing frantic circles round them.

"Tired, Mazie! of what? me?"

"No, not tired of you, but of your ways—the life you lead and the life you are making me lead."

"I don't understand you," he said, flushing up, half in anger, half in mortification. "You are complimentary this morning, Mazie."

"No, I am not complimentary, only honest," she answered sadly. "Look here, Will," for he was going to speak, "listen to me for a moment, for I'm going to be very plain with you. You saw I was annoyed at the ball last night, and you asked me to come here to-day. I was annoyed, and I have come"—something choked her for a moment, and she paused—"come to tell you I am tired of all this—this secrecy which I hate, this half and half engagement, which is everything or nothing according to your caprice, and which merely makes me feel a humbug, and gives you the right to make me wretched by your jealousy and your flirtations, your temper, and your love—yes, by your love; for if you did not love me a little, or pretend to do so, I should never have let you have your way—never have cared for you as I have done."

"*Have* done, Mazie! Don't you care for me now?"

"That is not the question," she said coldly. "What I was saying comes to simply this: I am weary of it all, weary and heart-sick, and I want to put an end to it."

"In fact, to break your engagement, and leave me. Oh! Mazie, you don't, you can't mean that!" His voice, his eyes, those brown, bright, beautiful eyes, so wonderfully fascinating when they would, were full of passionate reproach; but she never looked at him. The small, gray-gloved hands never trembled as they toyed with Jack's silky ears. The dull lustre of her dress, gray also, lay smooth and unruffled over the shapely bosom. Only she said in the same quiet tones:

"You told me it was not an engagement when we began it, that we were both free to decide as we pleased."

"And you have decided to fling me away because you are tired of even the shadow of a bond to a poor devil who has nothing but his love to give you. My God! Mazie you *can't* be so base, so heartless; or if you are—"

"If I am, I should think you would be better without me," she answered steadily, though the gray silk was heaving now stormily enough; and Will Travers saw it too, for he caught both her hands in his and cried out:

"Mazie, you are not. I don't believe it. You are too noble, too true, too good. Oh! Mazie, darling, if you knew how I love and worship you! I know I did flirt with that chit of a girl last night; but what will you have? A man isn't a saint, and when a girl flings herself at his head—"

"That's right, Will. It is so gentlemanly, so honorable to excuse yourself to one woman at the expense of another. There! I beg your pardon. I have no right to comment on your words, and what is the use of going on talking when there is really nothing to be said—but good-by."

"Mazie! Mazie! what would you have me do?"

"Have you do? Nothing."

"What have I done, then? At least tell me that. You won't make me believe (I know you too well) that you would cast me off for one idle flirtation?"

"No, not for *one*," she said gravely, "nor yet for ten. In themselves they are harmless enough; but if you cannot keep true to me before marriage, you would never do so afterward; and, Will, I am not meek or patient when trifled with. No; if the pleasure of an idle flirtation, of whispering pretty speeches, and bringing blushes into pretty girls' cheeks, is greater to you than the preservation of your own honor and my peace of mind, we are better apart. What would you say, what would you think, if I acted as you do?"

"Women are different from men," he muttered, half apologetically.

"Yes, I suppose they are. At any rate, you and I are so different that we could never be happy together. No, Will, it is not the flirtations only. It is the want of firmness, the want of energy and purpose—the selfish (for it is selfish) weakness which ruins your whole life, lets you put aside ambition, duty, and even honor, and keeps you idling on shore while younger men are passing over your head—for what? A few more weeks and months of profitless pleasure."

"You are plain enough now, God knows; and devilish hard on me, too," replied her lover haughtily in his turn. "Any other woman might have hesitated before blaming me for not exiling myself on a three years' cruise, when it was my love for her which kept me here; but you are so ourselvly rigid. One might as well have a stone for a wife as you. Fool that I was to have ever fancied you had any womanly softness or tenderness in you!"

"It was a short-lived folly," she answered, the utter steadiness of her tone freezing his wrath even as it aroused it, "and it is ended now. Good-by."

She held out her hand, and he took it; but only to half crush it in both of his as he cried, "Mazie, do forgive me. I never meant what I said. I think I'm half mad; but I will do better if you'll only stay with me. I'll speak out to your stepmother to-day, though I know she will say, 'No;' and so do you, don't you?"

"I think so. Yes." The girl's face had grown even whiter than before, and her breathing came hard and quick.

"Then what *can* I do? I wish to God I were a rich man, for your sake; but I will apply for a ship to-morrow. I'll never rest till I get my promotion. I—Mazie, darling, don't look like that. I know I said the same a year ago; but I do mean it now. Mazie, won't you believe me? Won't you be mine still?"

Whiter and whiter still, and the bosom rising and falling in quick, heavy throbs, like the waves of a great ocean; but the answer came steady as a rock.

"No, Will, not yours any more. I do believe you, that you mean what you say now; but would you mean it a week hence? Could you keep true to me—true in *my* sense of the word—during the years we might be parted? Should I be right in unsettling you and deceiving my stepmother—for silence in my case is a sort of deceit—and all for a fancy which would not last, which never does last beyond its own gratification? No, Will, no—a thousand times no. It can't be. Forgive me if I've hurt you, and God bless you. Good-by."

"God forgive *you*, Mazie!" cried the man. "Don't talk of blessings when you curse me as you are doing now. I shall go to the devil fast enough after this, and the faster the better. Who cares? Not you, hard and calculating as you are; and yet—yet, though you don't care enough for me to save me from damnation, I love you. I always shall love you better than any living woman. My own heart's darling, if work can win you I'll win you yet, in spite of yourself." And then—they were under the arch of the bridge, with the deep shadows round them, and only the gray, trembling water for a witness—Travers caught the girl in his arms, as she was turning from him; caught and crushed her to his heart in a sort of frenzy; kissing brow, lips and cheek, not once but a thousand times, as he did so. The next moment—before she could even cry out—he was gone—passed away into the mist; and Mazie Jerningham was left alone.

* * * * *

Two years! A short space in a long life. A mere nothing to look back on in general, though a very eternity in prospect. Two years had passed, and Mazie was still Mazie Jerningham; still all alone. It was evening now—a still, sweet, dewy evening, after one of the hottest days of an unusually hot July; and she was seated on the pier at Southsea, gazing on the glittering sheet of deep, molten blue, across which the Isle of Wight rose greenly purple against a background of violet and crimson sky. Behind the dark fringe of trees which crowned its summit the sun was just sinking like a huge globe of lambent flame, tipping the boughs and topmasts with a fiery touch, and flinging one broad bar of liquid gold across the dimpled waters of the bay to Mazie's feet, as she sat leaning over the railings; the only solitary, the only sad looking person among the gayly-dressed, gayly-talking groups of people who sprinkled the pier.

She had been rather a pretty girl two years ago—more noticeable perhaps for a certain air of refinement, an unmistakable look of "good style" which clung about her than for actual good looks. Now, at twenty-four, she was a beautiful woman—beautiful with the added charm of birth and cultivation; and she knew it—knew it as well as did any of the idle gazers on that fashionable lounge, and valued it—well, rather less than the greenish-white pebbles glimmering through the water under her feet, or the fragment of seaweed flapping to and fro at the will of those same waters. What was beauty or grace to her when she was all alone?

Two years ago—even now looking back it seemed like ten to her—she had rather fretted because her hair was not as curly, her cheeks as fresh and her eyes as blue as those of other girls—girls Will used to admire at the theatre or in the Row. She wanted to be pretty then, just as she wanted to be rich—for Will's sake; just as she thanked God for her birth and talents and the capabilities of good which she felt within her. They were all so much to give Will, and for that reason they were precious to her; not for any other. An orphan with neither sister nor brother, living with a wealthy stepmother, and, while enjoying every luxury in that lady's house, fully aware that of her own she had only the prospect of a modest hundred a year, and that contingent on her not marrying without Mrs. Jerningham's consent before attaining her twenty-fifth year, perhaps no human being in this world felt more utterly solitary than did Mazie at the hour we are contemplating her. She was thinking, as she did often (much too often,) of that parting in Kensington Gardens under the old bridge. Often as she had gone over it again, she could never quite recollect how she had got home afterward, and then what came next; although she could remember well such a trifle as Jack leaping on the foremost damsel in an advancing girl school just after Will had rushed away, and herself apologizing with some pretty, lady-like speech for the dog's rudeness. She could remember that, and also a shiny white lump on the shiny red nose of an old member of Parliament who happened to be seated opposite to her at dinner that day. But everything else, thought and feeling and surroundings, seemed an utter blank, until she found herself lying face downward on the floor with the door bolted, and a very tempest of sobs and tears tearing her slight frame with the violence of its agony.

He was *all* she had, her own, her love, her husband in all but name, the very heart-spring of her existence; and she had sent him from her! No one—no, not even herself—could have told how deeply and passionately she loved that idle, good-for-nought young sailor, with his handsome face and winning manners, till the hour for parting came. She only learned it then, when he was gone from her forever, and she was writhing in her sorrow all alone; learned it, as we learn most things in this world, too late. Are all women such contradictions, I wonder? Do all of them know their minds—or rather their hearts (for when do mind and heart go together in woman?)—as little as Mazie Jerningham? No woman could have appeared more cold, more passionless, more unsympathetically hard than Miss Jerningham reasoning coolly with, and so coolly dismissing her loving, passionate, wayward, and half-desperate suitor; and now, that prudent, right-thinking woman of the world was rocking herself to and fro, her eyes blinded with tears, her hair soaked in the same scalding rain, her hands twisted together over her throbbing breast, her breath coming in fast, strangling sobs, her white, parted lips quivering with helpless moans of sheer heartbroken misery. And Lieutenant Travers? *His* bonny brown eyes had been full of tears—tears which were no disgrace to his manhood—when he held his hard-hearted love for the last time in his arms, and as he flung himself away his brain seemed almost on fire with mingled wrath and despair; but ere he got into Piccadilly he met a friend who greeted him jovially, told him he looked "devilish seedy," and asked him to come into the club and have a glass of something. And Travers went in and had, not one glass, but several, of a "something" which cleared his head for a moment and gave him artificial spirits enough to shake off the memory of his "Amy shallow-hearted;" and afterward he dined with the same friend and one or two other good fellows at the Solferino, and accompanied them to the French play after that, and later—well, I don't think we need follow him any further. He had told Mazie she would send him to the devil, therefore it was probably her fault if he took a long stride in that gentleman's direction the night after their parting; or if, while she was wrestling with sorrow and love and longing for her lost lover, that lover was making a fool, and worse than a fool of himself somewhere in the vicinity of the Haymarket.

Telle est la vie and, sir and madam, you and I were both young once. Was it any different in our day? A wise old Frenchman once said, "De deux amants, il y a toujours un qui aime et un qui se laisse aimer; un qui baise et un qui tend la joue." Will had been eager enough to kiss, but Maize had not even presented the cheek. It was his turn now.

She had never seen him since, and she had never told any one of her trouble. It was a very short-lived folly, as she had said, that sad little romance, and it was ended now. If everything else in life seemed ended too, that could not be helped. It is not the fashion to die of broken hearts nowadays, and she could live it down. People had got over worse things. Yes, Mazie, so they have; but that same process of "living down" is a worse martyrdom than many a cruel death, and all the more so that to weep over the victim is the keenest aggravation of her misery that we can offer. Mazie gave no one a chance of weeping over *her*. She allowed it to be known that she had a heavy, feverish cold, and so she kept her room for a day or two; and the blinds were drawn down, and her white face and heavy eyes were quite admissible even in Mrs. Jerningham's opinion. But after that she came down stairs and took up her usual round of duties, social and domestic, and was again the graceful, dignified Miss Jerningham of old—the very same clear-eyed, cheerful, courteous girl, to all outward appearance, that she had ever been. *How* changed within, none but herself and God knew.

'Tis true, people talked a little at first, and wondered why that charming Lieutenant Travers was never to be met at the Jerninghams' now. It had certainly been a very strong flirtation between him and Miss Jerningham; and she so proud and unimpressible generally. But after all, every one knew he had no money, and then he was always flirting with some one. Sailors were proverbially fickle. Then somebody said he had gone away on foreign service. Perhaps Miss Jerningham had refused him. Yes, he had seemed a great favorite no doubt; but of course Mrs. Jerningham would not hear of such a wretched match for her daughter, when every one knew how devoted old Sir Edward Bartlett was in that quarter.

So wagged the tongues for a few days, and then some new piece of gossip diverted the public mind, and Mazie was left to herself—not utterly heart-broken after the first few weeks. There was a great element of justice in the girl's character; and before that keen-eyed goddess Will's abusive speeches and despairing threats melted away, and were condoned by the provocation which had evoked them. "If he had not loved me, he would not have been so angry," said Mazie to herself; and the thought brought a quick, warm pulse to the bruised heart, and a sudden mist over the brave gray eyes. His last words too! How could she—a woman, and a woman so passionately in love—forget *them*? Common sense and logic might certainly have told her that it was absurd to give weight to one word and ignore another when both are uttered under great excitement; but then girls are seldom either very logical or reasonable; and well for us, my friend, that they are not; for on the strength of that one sentence, "If work can win you, I'll win you yet, spite of yourself," Mazie quietly consecrated her whole life, present and future, heart and soul, to silent waiting for that day. Sir Edward Bartlett was sent away discomfited; and so were one or two other men—men of wealth and family, whom most girls would have been but too glad to accept; and still Mazie Jerningham held her own against the wonder of the world and the grumblings of her stepmother, who was naturally anxious to see her daughter well established in the world, and could not see what Mazie was waiting for.

Mazie meanwhile never confessed even to herself that she *was* waiting, or expecting for one moment a renewal of that offer which she had repulsed. She even told herself severely that it was all over forever, and much better for both of them that it should be; but all the same she made a willing sacrifice of her whole inner life to Will Travers, kept herself sacred for him, prayed for him, thought of him, and dreamed of him, with the entire single-hearted devotion of a loving wife. Every day too she read the naval and military column in the "Times;" and there she learned, first, that Will had gone to sea again a fortnight after their parting; later of his promotion to the rank of commander; later still of Captain Travers's gallantry in saving the life of a sailor washed overboard in the outer harbor at Monte Video. How the pale cheek glowed and the beautiful eyes sparkled on that day! But then came a long interval when, excepting for the testimony of the blue navy list in Mazie's desk, Captain Travers might have dropped out of existence; and now, on this sultry July evening, she sat on the pier thinking of past and pleasant days with a sort of sad smile on her lovely face which proved that Tennyson was wrong when he declared, "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," and trying not to think of a certain dim picture of a happy meeting, a loving reconciliation, far away in the hazy future.

So lost indeed was she in her musings that she never felt the warm rays of the setting sun as they kissed her pale cheek, never saw the golden glitter on the wavelets, or heard the steady "dip—dip," peculiar to the sweep of man-of-war oars in the shimmery water, until the cry of "Oars in!" and the sharp rattle in the rowlocks startled her into sudden recollection of her whereabouts; and looking down she saw—could it be?—the very man of whom she had been dreaming!—the lover so long parted, now springing from his boat on to the steps of the pier!

What her first thought was—what she meant to do or say—I do not know; but like one still in a dream she started to her feet, and made a step forward with great, wide, glistening eyes, and parted, smiling lips. If he had seen her then and taken her to his arms before all the people on the pier, I don't think her propriety would have been shocked; but as it happened, he was stayed at the gangway by two ladies who seemed to have been waiting for him, and whom he greeted familiarly. One of them was a friend of Mazie's, the good-natured relict of a naval officer, the other a tall, fair, German-looking girl, rather showily dressed. They both stood a minute talking to Captain Travers, and then all three came forward; and the widow, delighted as everybody was to meet "that charming, distingue Miss Jerningham," stopped and saluted her by name. Poor Mazie! her lips moved, but no sound came. Her eyes had never left Will's face, and rested there still in a mute, eager appeal, strangely pitiful in its forgetfulness of all else; and before that look Captain Travers's face flushed with a sudden recognition—perhaps too with a sudden remembrance of the last time he had seen that face, for there was a little natural embarrassment in his manner as he took off his hat and said:

"It is so long since we met, Miss Jerningham, I can hardly expect you to remember me." The civil tone, the commonplace words startled Mazie back to her senses. She turned as white as snow, and gave a sort of gasp for the words which would not come. Fortunately her friend struck in volubly.

"Do *you* know Miss Jerningham, Captain Travers? Old acquaintances, I suppose, since you are so late an arrival here. How very nice to meet this way! Quite a pleasant coincidence."

"Yes, very old acquaintances," said the officer, his eyes still on the white wistfulness of Mazie's face; and then with a sudden cordial *empressement*, the old manner she knew so well, he took her hand and added:

"And it is indeed pleasant to meet you again. How have you been—you and Mrs. Jerningham—all this long while? And—oh! will you let me introduce my wife? She will be glad to make your acquaintance."

His *wife!* Did he mean it? The big, blonde, uninteresting girl, looking on with a pretty, inane apathy—Will's wife! A great shudder ran all over Mazie's slight shrinking figure, and then that wonderful power of self-command, that art of making believe, so great in some women, came to her aid, and she shook hands with Captain Travers, bowed courteously to his wife, and showed her pearly teeth in a pleasant smile as she made some little cordial, commonplace speech about being "so glad, such an unexpected pleasure! Did he command the frigate that came in last night! And where was Mrs. Travers staying? Mamma was only at Southsea for a few days, but if she had time they would certainly call. No time to stay now—so good-by," and thus away—away from husband and wife, off the pier and on the cool, breezy common, while Will Travers looked after her and muttered:

"Cold-blooded as ever; and yet, good Heavens! how sweet and lovely; more dangerously lovely than ever."

Mazie had thought to escape, but with only partial success; for the widow, with that unwelcome friendliness people will sometimes show when least wanted, must needs leave "the dear Travers" to see her "dear" Miss Jerningham home. Surely she wasn't well, she looked so pale. And so she knew Captain Travers! Was he not handsome, and so popular too? Did she think his wife pretty? Not much in her. There never was in those great, fair, fleshy girls. Oh, yes, nice hair, and large eyes; but no style, no manner, and very likely to grow coarse in time. German looking! Of course. She *was* a German, or rather a Dutch girl, born and brought up at the Cape. A foolish match—but sailors always were foolish; and Will, always a pet with women, had fallen in with and married her nearly a year ago. He never could resist a tolerably pretty face; Miss Jerningham might remember that.

Yes, Miss Jerningham did, and how much more! Oh, my God, how much more! She had hardly sense enough to be glad even when her friend was gone at last, and she was safe in her room, for everything seemed whirling around her. Will married, married a year ago; and all her love, her passionate devotion, her prayers, her whole heart's longing, only so much incense wasted, so much earnest, patient, faithful affection lavished on—another woman's husband! The loving worship of two long years had in one moment become a sin and a shame—and poor Mazie sank beneath the blow.

So much good had "living it down" done for her!

* * * * * * *

One more scene, and I have done. A very short scene this, and laid not in gay, glittering Southsea, by grassy uplands or sparkling waves, but back in busy, populous London. The season is just beginning. The Academy is open, the Park crowded. Kensington Gardens and the Botanical are bright and fragrant with the shining white chestnut blossoms and "garlands of scented May." Lilacs and laburnums are blossoming in the squares, German bands playing on the terraces; boats on the Serpentine, parties to Richmond, life and gayety jubilant everywhere. No, not *everywhere*, for just at the corner of Park Lane there is a quantity of straw thrown down in front of a house—a house where the blinds are down and the knocker muffled, where visitors drive up in gay carriages, and, after a whispered inquiry at the door, go away with grave faces, the shadow on which lasts nearly half a minute after they get into the Row; a house where the flowers in the balcony, once so fondly tended, are dry and dead, and whence the doctor is just making his exit, saying as goes, "An odd fancy perhaps, but still humor it, Mrs. Jerningham. It can't do her any harm now, you know, and it may cheer her at the end."

The end! Yes, my friend, it had come to that now. "To-morrow hath no more to say to yesterday," and after one short year more Mazie Jerningham is sliding quietly away into the great, outer, shadowy world, "where the weary are at rest."

She was lying in her little white bed as the door closed on the doctor's portly figure, lying still and repeating that very verse to herself over and over again, as if it comforted her. The curtains across the window were drawn, but through their lace folds the sun glimmered cheerfully, and a soft breeze stole in the open casement, bringing wafts of music and gay voices on its breath, and revelling in a huge bowl of early roses which shed their perfume over the sick room. Lightly and playfully wantoned that young wind from the west among the dainty rose-leaves, ere gliding past to kiss the dying girl's cheek and rumple with a tender touch the damp locks on her forehead.

"Where the weary are at rest!" Yes. Mazie was very near her rest now. She did not look dangerously ill, though—white and thin perhaps; but the soft, dark veil of wavy hair hid the sharpened outlines of the pure pale face, and made her look more like her old girlish self than the Mazie of later days. Her eyes, too, though sunken and

shaded by dark circles, looked larger and brighter than they had ever done, and the rose-colored draperies of the bed cast a sort of reflected glow on the small, pale face, as she lay with clasped hands musing, as she often mused, all alone.

A little while—perhaps three-quarters of an hour—and there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, a murmur of hushed voices without, and Mazie started and raised her head. Then the door opened, and Mrs. Jerningham said,

"Captain Travers is here, dear Mazie. Shall he come in?"

She nodded her head—for her lips were very dry; but Mrs. Jerningham understood, and the next moment Will was standing by the bed. Mazie was not pale now. A bright pink spot had risen in either cheek, making her look girlishly lovely, while he, on the contrary, though stalwart and handsome as ever, looked haggard and worn—a little nervous and embarrassed too, as men who front death coolly on sea and shore will look when they come face to face with him in the helplessness of a woman's sick room. Mazie's quick eyes saw the wan looks, perhaps the embarrassment as well, for there was something wonderfully calming and gentle in her tone, as she put her wasted little hand in his great sailorly palm, and said, simply,

"How good it is of you to come and see me so quickly. I did so want to bid you good-by when I heard you were in town; but I didn't think you could come so soon."

"So soon!" repeated Will—and he meant every word, poor fellow, as he crushed the white, waxy fingers in his warm clasp. "As if I would not have hurried here the moment I heard that—that—oh! Mazie, don't call it good-by. You're not so very ill, are you?"

The old, boyishly impetuous manner made her smile and sigh too; but she put her other hand over his as if to ward off a blow, and answered, steadily,

"Oh, yes, Will, it's all over with me, or I shouldn't have *you* here. They never give an indulgence like this to any but dying people, you know."

"Don't talk like that, Mazie, for God's sake. You dying *too!* and you look so bright. Oh! how—what is it?"

"What?" repeated Mazie, more brightly still; "what is my ailment, do you mean? *I* don't know. It seems no end of things, according to my numerous doctors: a neglected cold, want of vital power, nervous debility. Oh! Will, what does it matter how the end comes, so it *does* come?"

"Mazie, you speak as if you were glad."

"Because I am glad—so glad and thankful! I am not even suffering now, and I have—"

"*You*," her eyes said, but she stopped short with a faint blush. Then as her glance fell beneath his, she added hurriedly:

"Will, you look ill yourself. I'm afraid you have many things to worry you. They say you're not very well off. You never were, you know, you imprudent boy, and I think it must be hard sometimes for you and your pretty wife. But, Will dear, you know I am twenty-five now, and my money is all my own, and I have left it all to you and her to——Why, Will, what is the matter? Are you vexed?" for his face changed suddenly as he made a gesture to stop her.

"Vexed, Mazie! But I thought you knew."

"Knew what?"

"That—Mazie, I have no wife. I lost her nearly ten months ago. She died in her first confinement; and though the boy lives and my sisters take care of him very kindly, a motherless infant is a great care to a man."

He spoke gravely, but not very mournfully. Perhaps the loss had not been very bitter, or ten months had done something to soften it; but Mazie lay back with wide, hazy eyes, and a face whiter than her pillows. Will's wife dead! The woman who had come in her way, whose very existence had destroyed hers, passed away before her, and she had not known it. That was the strange part, that she should not have known; and yet why strange, when of late she had avoided the very hearing of his name? For two years she had loved this man silently and faithfully, worshipped his memory and condemned her harshness to him, and all the while he was married to another girl, and she never knew it. Now—now, that for twelve months the shame and misery of that unconscious sin, that stupendous folly, the fierce endeavor to crush out her misplaced love, the passionate striving to forget him and all belonging to him, had first ruined her health and then sapped her very life-springs—now she learned that the cruel task had been utterly needless. The woman was dead, laid in her grave ten months before, and she did not know it.

Oh! if in this world we could only know, only see, not "as through a glass darkly, but face to face," how happy we might be; and yet who knows where real happiness is to be found? "Le bonheur n'est qu'un rêve; mais la douleur est réelle," quoth Voltaire at the age of eighty; and the dictum of the octogenarian atheist is no less true than bitter.

"Don't mind me," Mazie said, in answer to Will's evident alarm. "It was only the shock. I never heard it. I am very sorry—very sorry for you, but—but," and then she suddenly broke out crying like a child, and Will knelt down and tried to comfort and soothe her by every tender and caressing word, saying again and again:

"Mazie, Mazie, don't cry. I oughtn't to have told you, and don't fret for me, dear. Gertrude was a good girl, and a pretty girl, but—but she could never have made me happy, or I her. I learned that before we had been married a month, long before I saw your dear face, my darling, that day at Southsea, and felt all that I had lost through my cursed folly."

"It was my fault. I sent you away," said Mazie softly. "Will, kiss me now and forgive me, for I meant to do right, only I was too hard."

"You were only just, Mazie. I never was worthy of you, and I oughtn't to have expected you to love me."

"But I did love you, Will," said the girl gently, "only I was too proud to own it. I never meant to tell you now, but—but it can't hurt any one at present."

"What, *all* the time? Even after I was gone? Did you love me then? Oh, Mazie, you didn't!"

"Always and always, Will, and more than ever after you were gone away. Then and now just the same."

Will's face had flushed deeply and his lips were set like a vice.

"You loved me," he said hoarsely, "and I might have won you if—if I had only waited and been true. Oh, my God! how I am punished!" and then his bowed head went down on the bed-clothes, and the very floor shook with the strong man's passionate sobbing. Poor Mazie! she was sinking fast, and her strength was nearly gone, but she managed to put her weak arms round his neck and to stroke the bright chestnut curls with her frail white fingers, as she murmured words of fondling and consolation, and begged him to be calm. "It was all *for* the best, and they had no little time now."

"And all through me," Will groaned; but the tender hand was laid on his lips, and Mazie answered steadily:

"No, Will, no. It was my fault at the beginning, and how could you know? Besides, women are different from men, and there was no one like you, Will."

"There never could be any one like you," he answered passionately. "Oh, my darling, my darling, if you would but live a little longer! I would give my life for you but to have you for one day."

"And then leave me alone? Ah, no, Will. I am so tired of living alone, I would rather have it so, and you here with me at the end. Will, dear, don't fret. See how bright it is. I can hear the carriages in the Row, and that band playing 'M'appari.' Will, do you remember the last time we heard that at the opera? Lucca was playing 'Martha,' and I let you steal a flower out of my hair when mamma wasn't looking. I thought it was dreadfully improper of me at the time, but, you see, I didn't know then what terribly improper things I should do before the end."

"*You* do anything improper, my own one?"

"Yes; did not I send for you to come and see me here in my room? and didn't I tell you to kiss me? and you did both. You've grown very good and obedient, Will darling."

"Oh, Mazie, don't! You break my heart."

"But I want to make you cheerful, Will. I can't be happy if I think you are sad. Love, it's only for a little while. I shall go and wait for you and see you coming up as I did on the pier at Southsea. You weren't changed a bit then, Will. I wonder will you be next time?"

"God knows, Mazie. I would to God I were dying now with you."

"Oh, no, Will. You are young and strong, and you've lots of work to do and glory to win before you come to me. Besides, I should know you however changed you were; but oh, darling, promise me you *will* come some day, for I don't think (it's very wicked I know) I should even care about heaven much if you were not there."

"Mazie, Mazie! how can *I* ever get to Heaven? Love, if I tried it would only be for you."

"Help me now, then," she said, coaxingly. "Say the 'Our Father' for me, Will. I'm so tired I can't talk any more—even to God."

Her face had grown whiter than ever, or was a gray shadow stealing over it? Will folded her in his arms, and with his hands clasped together round her wasted form, and his eyes hidden on her breast, he went through the prayer they had both said from infancy apart, now for the first time together. Her lips followed him all the way, and when it was ended she said, "Thank you," but so faintly he could hardly hear. Then, after a little pause:

"How good you are to me. It is so nice to have you. Will—I'm very tired. I can't breathe." Her breath came in long, heavy pants. Outside, the band was playing Schubert's "Addio," dimly audible above the roar of the carriages. Will looked toward the door in alarm.

"No," she said, as if understanding his intention, "don't call. It's only—I shall be better soon. Lift my head a little. So, on your shoulder. Thank you, Will."

"Mazie, what is it? Are you worse?"

"No, only tired. Let me rest a little bit, only a minute or two, dear. I shall be better then."

His strong arm was round her, and as he raised the light, frail form, and drew the girl's dark head to rest on his breast, her eyelids drooped till the long lashes lay on the white cheek. She seemed falling asleep already, but bending down his face Will whispered:

"Kiss me first, Mazie; only once, darling. You've never kissed me yet."

The brown eyes opened with a weary smile, and she put up her lips, pale and pure as an infant's, to meet his tender, passionate kiss.

"God bless you, Will, darling," she whispered very softly. "I'm very happy. Let me rest now."

* * * * * * *

It must have been ten minutes later when the door opened softly to admit Mrs. Jerningham and the doctor. Captain Travers held up a warning finger.

"Hush!" he whispered hurriedly. "You will wake her, and she is sleeping so quietly."

Mrs. Jerningham stood still, but the doctor, an old, gray-haired man, came forward and looked narrowly at the white face lying so peacefully on the sailor's rough coat. One moment, and then he stopped,, touched the slender, girlish wrist and parted lips, and turning to Captain Travers said quietly:

"Lay her down. No one can wake her now. It's all over."

All over! Yes, even as their lips had parted in that last, lingering kiss, the spirit had slipped away, had gone, as it had lived, quietly and alone, with a last thought, a last blessing, for the man she had loved, the man whose ignorance of that love had broken her heart.

Only a "girl of the period," my friends, but even they *have* hearts, though we mayn't own it. —*Galaxy.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

BLACK TUESDAY.

A CRASH ON 'CHANGE IN CHICAGO.

[From a Chicago paper of August 21.]

The most powerful speculative combination ever organized in the grain markets dropped to pieces in Chicago on Tuesday. It was nothing more nor less than the great wheat corner, which has agitated the whole commercial world, both east and west, for the past two months. It went down unexpectedly, and the excitement in Chicago and the other cities has, in consequence, been intense.

THE SCENES ON 'CHANGE

during the hours preceding the collapse were even more thrilling and exciting than any that were witnessed immediately after the fire; and, indeed, it is probable that very few events attending the conflagration ten months ago were of much greater interest to the parties concerned.

In the wide-spread consternation and dismay it is impossible yet to measure the full extent of the disaster occasioned by the collapse of this, the great wheat corner of the year. The shock was so universal, not only in Chicago, but throughout the grain-growing States, that it will require days to ascertain the losses or rightly judge the effect produced upon the legitimate business of the city. It is already clear that the effects of the break will extend far beyond the circle of those who are conspicuous in it. One failure produces another, and numerous speculative firms, whose names have not come to the surface, are known to have been lured into the wake of the clique by the delusive vision of sudden fortune, and to have suffered heavy losses. The large number of persons engaged in the movement, and the reluctance of many of them to disclose their own transactions, render the task of giving an exhaustive statement of the operations that have culminated in bankruptcy and defeat one of no little difficulty. The men who are under the wreck are not communicative, just yet, as to how they got there. As Fisk said on Black Friday, just at this time it's "each man drag out his own corpse."

THE OLD CORNER.

Early in the year it was rumored among commercial men that the wheat crop of Europe must be very short, and that the crop of the United States would also be much below the average. In the fore part of May two or three prominent operators conceived the idea of straining the market for June delivery. They were joined by George F. Harding, of the firm of Harding & McCoy, well-known lawyers, and succeeded in running through a corner popularly known as "Harding's corner," which collapsed about the same time in the month as the present corner, and was generally supposed to have netted a loss to Mr. Harding of nearly half a million bushels. It was no nearer a success than this one. The market subsided into quietness for some little time, and was then taken hold of by the combination that engineered the making of the bubble which burst on Tuesday.

THE NEW CORNER.

The first indication of a concerted movement to put up the price of wheat in the Northwest was early in July. In this effort John B. Lyon & Co., a Washington street firm, which coined money out of the corner of 1869, and has been regarded as the head and front of the "bull" interest in this market, were the leaders. Having secured a large number of brokers to buy on their account, Lyon & Co. set out six weeks or more since to repeat their grand "bull" movement of three years ago, when they had forced the price of wheat to $2 20, and squeezed the life out of half the small dealers on 'Change. Rising and falling as it was swayed by natural causes, wheat stood early last month at $1 16 to $1 18 for August delivery, with a prospect that the abundant new crop to come forward would, with no artificial obstacle to prevent, reduce the market rates to a still lower figure. The movement was wholly artificial. There was less than a fair margin for shipment on the then ruling prices; the prospect for large crops was flattering. The stock of No. 2 wheat, the speculative grade, then in market was 1,000,000 bushels; but in their sublime confidence in their own resources the clique went in to stake their money and credit on the chance of being able to make themselves masters of the market. Under the manipulations of July, wheat advanced to $1 22, then to $1 26 and on the last day of the month the market stood at $1 30@1 33 for August delivery. During the first days of this month the "short" interest grew nervous under the influence of bad weather and consequent apprehensions that the new crop would arrive too late to fill their heavy contracts for August delivery to Lyon & Co.

THE COURSE OF THE MARKET.

The clique, favored by the apprehensions of the "shorts," succeeded by purchases in the first ten days of this month in forcing prices to $1 50. Five days later, on the 15th, they had carried the price to the extraordinary figure of $1 61. Backed by the banks, favored by the peculiar rules of the Board of Trade, which enabled them to call upon the "shorts" for new deposits on margin at every upward turn of ten per cent., and supported by old associates in the "elevator ring" of the city, the situation of Lyon & Co. was most hopeful. To buy up the vast amount that began to flow in under the inducements of the tremendous prices required a vast amount of capital. It was coming in from west of the Mississippi; men who had shipped it to Buffalo recalled their cargoes, and every farmer made quick haste to forward his old wheat and to harvest his new crop. The volume of receipts, that previous to July 15 had averaged less than 14,000 bushels a day, rose to 20,000 in the next week, to 25,000 in the last week of the month, to 27,000 in the first week of August, and then suddenly, nearly trebling, to 75,000 in the six days ending last Saturday. Lyon & Co. showed no nervousness. With the great revenue of two or three banks at their disposal, and having the large amounts they had already obtained from the weak "shorts" in settlement of "differences" ready to be used for reinvestment, they terrified all opponents by the gigantic power of their combination, and amazed and dazzled the small men on 'Change by the fair prospect they presented of bringing to their knees the gamesters who had staked against them. Brokers were buying right and left.

BEGINNING OF THE BREAK.

The market weakened on Saturday. The general crowd of operators knew nothing of the circumstance that the Comptroller of the Currency had notified the banks of the city that they must adhere to the terms of the law under which they were chartered; that they should not loan any more than ten per cent. of their capital to any one man or firm. But the banks had notified the combination of this fact, and the knowledge that they could not raise money on collateral as before, rendered them powerless to operate. They were unable to buy up all the grain that was offered in the market on Saturday, and the price fell several cents in consequence.

At the "call" on

MONDAY AFTERNOON,

which lasted from about 3.30 to 4.30, o'clock, wheat was rather feverish, but exhibited little change in price. After the call was over, when the crowd had gathered on the sidewalk in front of Central Block, at about 5 o'clock, one or two parties tried to sell grain, and found that nobody wanted to buy; there was no one there that represented the combination. Then arose the suspicion that the clique was powerless, and it was whispered around by a few of the knowing ones that no further aid could be expected from the banks.

Confusion worse confounded followed. There were one hundred sellers to one buyer, and amid the most intense excitement the price of wheat fell rapidly through a range of about 23 cents in three-quarters of an hour, making a total decline of 30 cents for the day. Still the time was one of the most intense know-nothingism. No one seemed to be aware of the condition of the market or of the consequences; but in the evening there was much figuring up of accounts, and preparation for a call of margins the next morning, which established another break.

THE DAY OF DISASTER.

Yesterday morning the market opened lower than at the close of the preceding evening, but became firmer and advanced some four cents within a few minutes, the transactions being confined, however, to outside operators. Then came the call for margins, and, as one after another, upon whom these calls were served, failed to respond, there was another season of panic, during which every person seemed to mistrust his neighbor.

A STRANGE SPECTACLE.

The scene was one which is not likely to be repeated again in this city for many years. In the intensity of the excitement produced by the meeting of gentlemen in no humor to trust one another, but rather prepared to doubt the inspired record itself, the most extraordinary gesticulations were indulged in. Young men, fattening on the remote prospect of operating largely in the future, and thus consoling themselves for their present very subordinate and locomotive positions, were running in every conceivable direction, bearing mysterious slips of paper, supposed to signify some obligations. They sought checks, produced grain receipts, asked questions heartlessly, and received nervous replies; communicated mysteriously with their respective employers, who were apparently driven to occasional frenzy by the news imparted. Men, the last drop of perspiration oozing from their foreheads ran excitedly from one to another of the members of the illustrious board, as though the mercury was not above a hundred degrees in that uncomfortable hall. Indifferent to heat, and only conscious of some incomprehensible catastrophe, these amiable gentlemen spent the forenoon most unpleasantly. They christened the day of disaster

"BLACK TUESDAY,"

and quoted the famous Black Friday of Messrs. Fisk and Corbin. The excitement in the Gold Room could scarcely have been greater. The panic extended to corn in a minor degree, as the combination was known to be largely interested in corn. Soon John B. Lyon notified a number of parties who had grain to deliver to him that they must "protect themselves," meaning that if they could not "hold" the grain they should sell it out to somebody else. This caused immense quantities of grain to be thrown upon the market, and resulted in a decline of fifteen cents from the highest figures touched during the morning. After this, the market relapsed into a semi-comatose condition, with little doing for nearly an hour. Then it became somewhat firmer, as it was found that the offerings were nearly all exhausted, and closed with little apparent excitement.

THE WHOLE GLITTERING FABRIC,

had crashed down in an hour. The grand assault upon the commercial community had failed, and, to their consternation and dismay, the confiding "shorts" and the deceived brokers of the clique, who had been doing the clique's business in their own names, discovered that Lyon & Co., had shut down. The ring have been worsted to the tune of $1,200,000 to $1,500 000. Other brokers also lose heavily. Altogether, Tuesday was the gloomiest day on 'Change since the memorable first meeting after the great fire. The Corn Exchange National Bank shows a list of twelve failures. Among safe and sound business men regrets for the individual sufferers are qualified by hopes that the grand catastrophe of the day would be an end of the miserable, demoralizing business of "corners." They meet no legitimate necessity of business, it was said; they have been the source of measureless evils, and the general conviction in disinterested circles seems to be that the fall market will be more prosperous because of the crash. Unscrupulous and irresponsible men are buying and selling grain in Chicago to the extent of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars without a hundred dollars in the world, either in money or grain, and every producer and legitimate dealer is at their mercy. The Board of Trade has become a mere gambling-house, nothing else. Its transactions are entirely outside the pale of commerce, and the law ought to treat them as gambling—gambling in the life-blood of the North-West, its agricultural products, in which every man in the country is interested.

THE GENERAL EFFECT

of the collapse will be this: The country is full of wheat that has been prepared for market and cannot be sent forward. For the next two or three days the wheat already loaded on cars will be coming in, and there will be no buyers, and the poor fellows in the country who have bought this wheat from the farmer will lose most heavily. Shipments are very seldom made direct by the farmer. He brings his grain to the country station by the wagon load at a time, and it is bought by a man whose business is to buy up until he can obtain enough, not for one car-load, but for half a dozen or a train. This operator generally protects himself by selling ahead, agreeing to deliver so much during a month, and contracting with the farmer to furnish him so much grain. A great deal of the grain that is now being forwarded to market belongs to these men, who have sold it at a high price in advance, and paid the farmers for it a correspondingly high price. Hence their losses will be heavy. Many of the country operators may be compelled to retire gracefully from business. As a class they are even as essential to the farmer in helping him to market his grain as the commission men in this city. They are more so in the winter, when these commission men take large orders to send car-loads of grain directly East without its touching a Chicago elevator at all, and large portions passing around Chicago by the various cut-offs without even entering the limits of the city. Many of the commercial men will be affected as badly as the country operators referred to. They have sold this grain for the parties in the country, and will be expected to stand between their principals and the parties for whom they sold. In many cases their transactions are covered by deposits of margins, but this is far from being universally the case, and even where margins have been deposited it is very seldom that enough money is posted to cover such a big drop as has occurred.

APPEAL OF THE NATIONAL BANKS.

CHICAGO, August 22.—The presidents of twelve National banks to-day united in an appeal to the elevator proprietors to cancel all grain receipts where the grain was received. The request was cheerfully acceded to by the elevator men, who all express an earnest desire to insure the public against any fraudulent operator.

The warehouse commissioners of the State say they have obtained sufficient evidence in the Iowa elevator case to secure the indictment of the parties implicated by the grand jury. The commissioners have employed eminent counsel to conduct the case.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. MUTUAL.

At Philadelphia, August 19, the Athletic defeated the Mutual by a score of 14 to 12.

BOSTON VS. FOREST CITY.

At Cleveland, August 17, the Boston defeated the Forest City by a score of 18 to 7.

BALTIMORE VS. MUTUAL.

At Baltimore, August 20, the Baltimore defeated the Mutual by a score of 11 to 5.

BALTIMORE VS. ATHLETIC.

At Baltimore, August 22, the Baltimore defeated the Athletic by a score of 8 to 8.

MUTUAL VS. ATLANTIC.

At New York, August 22, the Mutual defeated the Atlantic by a score of 15 to 4.

A MAN OR A WOMAN.—Eleanor Kirk says she is often unsettled as to whether she would prefer to be a man or a woman. When women are particularly ridiculous she wishes she were a man. When men are peculiarly wicked she is glad she is a woman. The latter feeling predominates at this moment. If I were a man I might be a "bull" or a "bear," or some dreadful animal. I might own a whole railroad. I might be a presidential candidate. Here let me stop. I put my hands contentedly in my apron-pockets and thank heaven that I am only a woman and an humble correspondent.

☞ Californians are making sugar from water-melons.

☞ A remarkable characteristic of the Californian mountain climate is an extreme intensity and vividness of atmospheric coloring. The deep blue of an Alpine sky is startling on first acquaintance; but in the Sierra Nevada it deepens still further into violet.

☞ The young ladies of the period must be given to dreamy speculations, they build such castles in the (b)air.

☞ John is struck with the foolishness of employing a coroner's jury to find out why women take poison; he says they do it to kill themselves.

☞ Louisville girls wear chunks of ice in their panniers, enclosed in oilcloth sacks, and keep cool and happy as a cucumber all the day long.

☞ An Ohio baggage smasher was knocked down by lightning the other day, but never let go the trunk he was operating on, and upon coming to his senses proceeded with the work of destruction.

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YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING. By Henry Ward Beecher. Delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., as the first series in the Regular Course of the "Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching." From Phonographic Reports. Published by J. B. Ford & Co., New York.; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

WILD OATS SOWN ABROAD; or, On and Off Soundings. Being leaves from a private journal. By THEODORE B. WITMER. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for September. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for September. Published by Osgood & Co., Boston.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, for September. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE GALAXY, for September. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE CHEVALIER. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

☞ A Mill Plain woman was prevented from attending the funeral of her sister by the non-arrival on time of a lace handkerchief from New York. The brutality of the express company is severely commented on by the neighbors.—*Danbury News.*

☞ Some queer customs came into play on the occasion of Nilsson's marriage. After the wedding breafast, as M. and Mme. Rouzaud stepped from the door, a cupful of dry rice was showered on their heads from a window above, and as the carriage drove off all the old foot-coverings about the place were thrown after it. One enthusiastic gentleman threw a broom on top of the carriage, and the crowd shouted themselves into a very hot and hoarse condition. When the bridal party reached the hotel, the bride sang, at the request of friends, some of the songs she had learned in this country, accompanying herself upon the banjo which was presented to her while in New York.

☞ Old Scotch lady—"Take a snuff, sir?" Gentleman (with large nasal promontory, indignantly)—"Do I look like a snuffer?" Old lady—"Well, I canna jist say you do—though I maun say ye hae grand accommodations."

☞ Queen Victoria has ordered seventy barrels of Michigan apples.

☞ A Philadelphia beggar is placarded, "I am parolized."

☞ On Julien street, Dubuque, there is a house "to rend."

☞ "Why, uncle Dewlittle, how dew you dew? Come in and rest a little while dew. How does Hannah dew, and what is she dewing? Dew tell us all the news. Come, dew sit up to the table and dew as we dew; help yourself, dew talk some, and dew not make me dew all the talking, for I shan't dew it. Now, dew dew something, dew."

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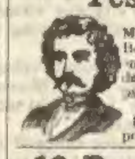

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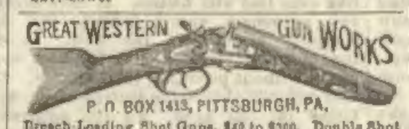

WIT AND HUMOR.

SODA WATER WITH A "WINK."

We have no hesitancy in stating that among the able-bodied male adults of this city, the very common beverage known as "soda water," and which is dealt out so unsparingly at every corner during the heated term, is considered, to use their own language, a "thin drink." But if this ingenious mixture of wind and water is termed "thin," strong liquors, such as whiskies, are altogether too "think" for a steady, warm weather drink, and so the imbiber who must moisten his fines with some liquid refreshments seeks a mixture of the two classes of drink. It is customary among these bibulous go-betweens to enter a drug-store, call for soda-water, name their syrup, at the same time giving a wink to the dispenser of "slush," who takes the goblet, in which he places the syrup, then stoops down beneath the counter or retires to a back room, where, by some mysterious chemical change, the contents are colored darkly, and the soda is let in upon the mixture, which is handed to the customer with a wink from the clerk. So much for the process; now for the sequel.

Saturday, a venerable gentleman from the country, who is a respectable church deacon, a justice of the peace, a member of the "Band of Hope," and a Good Templar in his native village, came to this city to trade a little in dry goods and purchase such agricultural implements as he needed to plant and cultivate his spring crops. The deacon is strictly temperate, and never looks upon the wine when it is red. Unfortunately our old friend had suffered from opthalmia in his early days, which left him with an optical peculiarity which caused his left upper eyelid to drop every few seconds, and to those not familiar with his infirmity, gave him the appearance of winking intentionally.

The "Deacon" is passionately fond of soda water, and such light beverages. He loves to feel the gaseous compound coursing down his throat, and creating internal commotions and typhoons, that, however endurable by other persons, throw babies into agony which requires prompt doses of peppermint; so Saturday, after he had bought a few shovels, ploughs, and a Dolly Varden for his wife, he thought he would fill up with soda water, and drive on toward home. He entered a drug store, inquired the price of the desired refreshments, then deposited his scrip and awaited his mixture.

"What syrup do you want?" said the urbane clerk, as he mopped off the marble counter with the same towel he used a moment before to remove the honest sweat from his brow.

"Oh, give me sarsaparilla; that is about as healthy as anything, I guess." (Here the deacon's eyelid went back on him, and dropped quickly.)

"All right!" replied the fountain tender, as he disappeared below the counter and came up a moment later with the drinking glass containing about three fingers of "sarsaparilla," to which he added the other ingredients, and handed it to the deacon. The latter drained the contents to the very dregs, then brushed the froth from his mouth, smacked his lips, and said: "That syrup is a leetle stronger than they generally make it, but my blood is out of order, and I guess I'll take another glass;" and at the same time his eyelid fluttered meaningly as before.

The dose was repeated, and the soda-water bibber left the store. About half an hour later he entered another establishment where a sign announced "Soda and Mineral Water on Draught." It was noticed that the deacon walked as if he had the spring halt as he entered the door, and his spectacles were upside down on his nose. He called for "Congress Water" at that place, saying he did not feel "quite right," and was afraid he had used too much syrup in his soda water at the other store, or else he was "bilious." His optical weakness exhibited itself as he spoke, and returning the wink, the clerk retired to a dark closet, then returned, filled up the glass with plain "Congress," and gave it to our now "tightually slight" friend, who swallowed it without a murmur.

How many "sodas" the deacon stowed away before he left the city we are unable to say, but he was found late in the day asleep in his wagon, with a plough point for a pillow, and several yards of Dolly Varden calico gracefully draped about his person for a covering. He revived sufficiently to inform a stranger that he had been "drugged," and a subsequent visit to the localities where he had taken the soda-water developed the fact that his unfortunate habit of winking—a defect over which he had no control—was the cause of all his trouble. The soda-water dispensers supposed him to be "one of the boys," and every time his eyelid dropped, took the hint. The deacon escaped the "jim-jams," but says that hereafter he will wear a blinder over that eye when he purchases summer drinks, or else write his order on a slate.—*Little Giant.*

RICHNESS OF THE SOIL OUT WEST.

A man in Detroit gave me some idea of the richness of the soil in that vicinity. He said there wasn't any place on the earth where things grew as they do there. He said his wife never made bread. "She always made little biscuit the size of an egg, and she would leave 'em an hour to swell by themselves, and they would grow into 12-pound loaves." He continued this growing tale, and said: "Once there was a man. He went into the woods and chopped down four trees. He used the four stumps for corner posts, and he built him a nice log house on those stumps. Then he and his family went to bed in the house. The next morning he found himself and family up sixty feet in the air, with a lot of Indians down cellar waiting to cut their hair off, and the Indians did scalp the whole of 'em."

"Stranger," said I, "you don't mean to tell me those trees grew sixty feet in one night."

"Sir, I do," says he, "and not only that, they hoisted the house up with 'em."

"Are you sure it wasn't sixty-one feet?" I asked meekly.

"Sir," said he, "I never prevaricate, especially on one fook."

"So they took and scalped 'em all, did they?"

"They did," said he.

"How in the name of the original Dolly Varden did they get up to 'em?" I asked.

Says he, "Respected sir, those Indians each one sawed off a tree; then each Indian sat on a stump, and those stumps grew the Indians up to the house, and then they scalped the family."

It certainly was the greatest case of up a tree I ever heard of.

"Stranger, that story is pretty tough, but I believe it, because I know something about growing trees, and I know they grow darned fast sometimes. My father had some good soil on his place; good soil for trees. He couldn't afford to keep a dog, because there was so many of us young 'uns. He had to boil what bones was left to make soup for us. He had some trees, and in place of a dog, he kept some of the bark off those trees in the house to scare away robbers, because that bark would last all night. One day, I used some of the wood for toothpicks, and as sure as a sour allspice, stranger, those toothpicks grew so that next day I sold 'em for telegraph poles, and they had to be sawed in two before they could be used."

The stranger got up. Says he, "Good-day, sir."

Says I, "Good-day, sir."

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 33.

THE WHITE SCAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

"Must I give an account of this seam across my palm. Next thing I shall be called to account for the pupil in my eye."

The speaker was Doles.

"No doubt it would be an interesting study to observe the habits and customs of said pupil."

"Very likely; as it would also afford a lively theme to investigate the drums, or *tin-pan-ums*, of the ear."

"Please, Doles, confine yourself to that white scar."

"Now? Am I not engaged in shipping food down the alimentary canal?"

"You are incorrigible."

"I will return to the subject, but it is not a pleasant one to contemplate; somehow nothing in my past life is luxurious to recollect. I used to have considerable money, but a cousin of mine pocketed my funds and made off with them. My uncle's family, feeling so wretchedly about the matter, had caused me to give over my first hasty resolution to cut the whole family. Better thoughts returning, after the first angry emotions, I knew that I ought to cherish no ill-will toward them.

"They had recently removed to a small village hanging by the skirts of the city, in which I earned a precarious living. As often as expedient I went out to visit them.

"Meanwhile, in the city, when my fortunes were at their lowest ebb, I made the acquaintance of a gifted Bohemian. The term applied pretty well to him if it conveys the idea at once of living by one's wits, with no interest in the principles of the world at large. George Shauna and myself, drawn together by the half understood law of soul attraction, soon became fast friends.

We first noticed each other in the public reading-room, where we sat down at the same stand. The ragged state of his coat elbow attracted his eyes and my own at the same time. He remarked that his joints were crazy, leastwise they were out; and not to allow him to out-do me in humorousness, I said our condition was closely affinitized—that my patent-leathers were dying.

"'How?' he questioned.

"'Why, the soles are leaving the body, you perceive.'

"At this we glanced more fully at each other, and with a smile each one measured the opposite. Someway, before we said good night, we had arranged that Tuesday and Friday evenings should bring us both to the place for a social chat.

"From this hour our intimacy progressed with school-girl fervor. George Shauna was a poet, a painter—an artist conveys my meaning better—and yet was as poor as a church mouse.

"When it came about that he visited my dingy room once or twice a week, and when our intimacy allowed such freedom, after he had read to me the MS. for a volume of poems which he was too poor to ever hope to publish, I launched forth in a host of my pet theories; said he would yet be appreciated, and win fame and gold. He laughed bitterly. He was older than myself.

"Although owing to his sex, I could not say that he was a *virgin* near forty-five, yet the two score and five he had counted, and I was only thirty, by the family Bible.

"He said,

"'How would you enjoy your coach and four, if it came to you when you were so old you had to be lifted into it;' and added that "applause sounded dimly to ears waxing old."

"Genius indeed—poetry and pictures—hang them beside fat hams and sirloins of beef, and you will find that the stomach rules; the soul is starved, and the body stuffed. After years proved to me the truth of George Shauna's views.

"As the writer's intimacy grew stronger and stronger, I was convinced that there was a mystery about my friend that puzzled me much. He never referred to his past life, to relatives, or friends—only on one occasion he made mention of an uncle who had done him an irreparable wrong—had separated him from the only woman he ever loved, and afterward had disinherited him because he would not marry the person whom he had chosen for him.

"But he tried to blow away the remembrance of the sad times with his cigar smoke, and we perpetrated villainous puns, illustrating our experience; and grew poorer each succeeding month until—"

I can never give you an impression of the darkening change that settled over Doles's countenance when he had arrived at this part of the narrative. His usually mobile features, lifting, flickering, changing, flashing as no other human face that I ever saw, was now like a thundercloud with the lightning died out along the edges.

"Oh, George, George Shauna!" he repeated, solemnly, "did you think, or call for me in that last extremity? or was there only time for the one uprising petition to God? If I only knew.

"I had gone out on one of my periodical visits to my Uncle Simms. Cousin Louisa's gay chatter, for the first time, annoyed and distracted me. I was in the worst mood that I ever indulged in. My mind rioted in horrors. At last I seized my hat and went outside. A brilliant moonlight poured over the gardens and distant forests. The main street of the place, which was a village, was alive with crowds going this way and that, or driving cityward. The city was situated like an outspread fan, the village being the handle, so to speak.

"I had been to my uncle's place a week and was already missing the society of Shauna; and dimly wondered why I had not taken him along with me this time.

"The gabble of the villagers annoyed me; it seemed like the chatter of scores of monkeys. I struck away from them and strode down toward the wharves. Among the warehouses along the quay were huge shadows. Here and there the moonlight stabbed the darkness like a flaming sword; here and there it clung to the walls of buildings in grotesque forms; again it slanted obliquely upon panes of glass and thus set lights to burning where utter darkness reigned within.

"What a mood I must have been in. I heard the waves lapping the wharves, and I thought how the sound must fascinate a mind predisposed to suicide. Hungry waves lapping their yawning jaws, eager to swallow their prey. I advanced farther upon the wharves. Some few light boats frolicked like colts tied with halters. A little beyond, two schooners waited lading, and had stepped aside from the path, so that the morning steamer and tug-boat could get in without punching their elbows. Farther out still, whirled the lantern of the light-house on the keys. To the northward, where the jagged teeth of the reef chewed the water to foam, a huge buoy leaped with every pulse-beat of the sea.

"On the topmost edge of everything the moonlight glowed and shifted, and struck its lances right and left among the black shadows that quivered at the touch. I seated myself upon an old bit of timber and looked out upon the water. Everything seemed hushed and gone to sleep. Some drift stuff was coming down from the mills. Chunk after chunk swept in by the eddy at the piers and, circling closely to my forlorn perch, bowed to me from the top of the waves, and slid silently off.

"I felt as if I were going mad. I began speculating as to what people would say if *my* body rode in over the flats farther down. I even turned my sleeves up and grimly wondered if suicides ever wore coats out at the elbow. Heavens! what a state of mind. But there comes down a log now. Ah! the moonlight strikes one end in a curious manner, making a vivid fancy conceive that it looks like a human body.

"I gaze fascinated with the idea that it will come in by the pier, bow, and swing out by the wharf. Nearer, nearer yet. It comes in toward me. What a perfect delusion. Ah, no! I come up to my feet like one palsied. I bend over with eyes staring with horror. In, in. My position is unchanged. Dear God! it *is* a human body. It catches the eddy; it swings up bowing; one arm waves to me, and with repeated nods of recognition anchors itself at my very feet.

"Down on my knees I fall, leaning over the edge, and extend a cold and trembling hand to welcome whoever it may be that thus approaches. Then I call with cries of horror—'help! help! help!'

"Two or three watchmen close by ran down to the wharf. One of them swung a lantern. The other one collared me fiercely.

"'What's the row? What are you about here?'

"'Body come down stream,' I answered, still keeping my crouching position, so that I might prevent the head from beating the timbers.

"One of them threw off his coat, and scooped down under the body. I held the head up with the long limp locks draggling over the face. The other fellow ran up for the proper authorities without whom we must let the corpse swash about still longer.

"'God!' said he, who remained with me, 'thought *you'd* soused him.' Then with that horrible carelessness which speaks familiarity with such scenes, he continued; 'been under some days. Swashed down from the city likely enough.'

"In a little time there was that peculiar short-stepping, trampling sound made when a dead body is being borne along, and we moved up towards the principal street.

"'What killed him? How came he to die?' I questioned, while with the water running in streams from my wristbands, I carried his sodden head, and others held up his body.

"They took him up to the police station and laid him upon the rough table. The gas was turned on brighter, the wet hair swept from his ashen face, and God have mercy! it was George Shauna. I fell in a draggled, slovenly heap upon the floor.

"'What the ——,' exclaimed one rough fellow, 'has got in the way of that chap's wind?'

"'Shut up like a wet umbrella,' answered another, and they gave a croupy laugh.

"Heaven! I must end this horrible jesting. I came up to the body again, and in one ghastly, fixed stare I forced the truth upon my mind. George Shauna was lying dead before me. How had he died?

"The coroner's inquest decided that the deceased had met his death by violence, from some person, or persons unknown.

"You know the preliminaries gone through with at such times, so I need not detail them. It was the hardest, sorest cut that I ever had received. He had no friends, no money. I told you that there was a mystery about him. I had no money, but I borrowed enough of Uncle Zebulon, added to the proceeds of my watch, to bury him decently. He would have done as much or more for me.

"A blow upon the head had killed him. Struck from behind. Curse such a cowardly assassin. I was alone with him a few moments, while waiting for the hearse to convey him to his last, long home. I bent over him, heart-broken as a woman over her dead. His clenched right hand showed that he loved his life, and would have saved it; showed that the first blow had not killed him.

"'George,' I said, speaking aloud, 'give me your hand. I'll see you avenged, dear old fellow, if God will but allow me to be His chosen instrument of justice. I will, I swear it.' I seized his clenched hand in mine, and endeavored to straighten his fingers that the clasp might imitate the sealing of our old contracts.

"The faintest echo, like the falling of a pin upon the coffin, reached my ear. Retaining his icy hand in mine, I groped for the glistening grain of something that had fallen. I found it, and as the rough driver entered, I shook my friend's hand for the last time here, but such a stiff, rattling shake—ah! it froze my vitals. * * *

"That was how I became a detective.

"Months elapsed, and I got no clue to the murderer. The matter was made difficult by the mystery that surrounded my friend. He might, and he might not have given me his real name. Finally, a year passed away, and I had begun to think and believe this to be one of those hidden crimes which never come to light. I could do no more; but I continued at the business because it afforded me excitement which I so much craved.

"Everything seemed to be running in the old grooves; only Cousin Louisa had received a fine dowry from a whimsical spinster aunt, but the event did not change her from the simple, trusting, good-hearted girl.

"Her first winter as heiress she spent in the city, not that she cared much for its follies, but she wished to see something more of the world than she could see in a small village.

"All these things I had heard, for I did not meet her again after George Shauna's murder for the space of nearly two years.

"Then I received an unexpected invitation to come out to my uncle's for a two or three weeks' stay, as Louisa's nuptials were to be celebrated during the holidays. Not being very busy, I wrote an acceptance.

YOUNG WALKIST. "I'm in luck, to come with such a good appetite for such a savory bit as this duck."

LANDLADY. "You may say that, sir; for we should have had nothing in the place but bacon and eggs, if the poor thing hadn't been so sickly for the last few days, we thought it was just kindness to put it out of its misery!"

"Not to linger on details, I found my uncle's house teeming with gay guests. The only two persons that attracted my attention were, first, Mr. Hampton, Louisa's intended, who, high above them all, in shape and gesture proudly eminent, stood like a tower, and the small, affable, smooth-faced lawyer, who from being attorney of the maternal spinster aunt of Louisa, and finding access to my uncle's family during the business transaction following the transfer of property, had since been very intimate with them.

"What his object could be was impossible to determine. Had Louisa not so soon become affianced, after inheriting the property, one might have suspected him of angling for the girl and fortune.

"I conceived the most inveterate dislike toward him immediately. His small, ferret eyes, under cover of his thick brows, which closed over his nose and swooped out left and right like the wings of a bat were watching, watching everybody.

"When he talked, it was fast and nervously, with frequent stammers. When he did not talk, and any one suddenly addressed him, he sprang an inch or two from his chair, shemmed, and sat down again, requesting to know what was said. The man had a great weight on his mind. I, strangely fascinated, began narrowly watching him. His persevering presence there at that time was an enigma, anyway. One would as quickly have thought of introducing an owl among a flock of linnets.

"On the third evening after my arrival at my uncle's, we were listening to Mr. Hampton's narrations of travels in foreign lands—I have neglected to say that he was about concluding arrangements with a well-known firm in the city to become a junior partner and look after some importations coming from different countries to Liverpool. He dressed very elegantly, wore real diamond studs in his shirt, and was, withal, the most thoroughly polished man I ever saw. As he raised his arm to make a graceful gesture his dress-coat fell open farther than its wont, and I caught sight of something that froze the blood around my heart.

"I don't know but that I should have fallen in a fit had I not received a rap on the knuckles from the snuff-box of the old lawyer.

"Half an hour later he telegraphed me with one crooked forefinger and a general scurrying over his forehead of his bat-wing brows, to go outside.

"'Boy,' said he, patronizingly, 'you are hunting prey; but don't you bark until we hole him. Next move—eh!'

"We appointed a meeting in the morning where no one would observe us.

"The next day the papers of the city had a short advertisement, reading like this:

"'If in the city of P——, or in Cumberland county anywhere, there is a gentlemen named Shauna; he is requested to call immediately at the office of Clinton Hubach, 50 Winter street.'

"Wild with excitement, which we had to conceal, we remained throughout the days at Hubach's office, and returned to my uncle's at night.

"The nuptial day of my cousin approached.

"On the third morning after our advertisement was inserted, an old man with cane and crutch hobbled into the office.

"'Hubach?' he questioned, sitting down with a painful wheeze.

"The attorney nodded.

"'My name is Shauna.'

"'Ah, indeed. Sit down, sit down, Mr. Shauna; we are glad that you have so promptly responded to our request.'

"'What do you want?' questioned the old fellow in his gruff manner.

"'To question you, if you please. Have you nephews?'

"'One, sir.'

"'No more?'

"'No more. The son of my sister is all the near male relative that is living.'

"'Is he your heir?'

"'He is.'

"'Did you formerly intend leaving your property to the present heir?'

"The old man's brow darkened like a thunder-cloud.

"'No, I did not so intend. My brother's child, whom I adopted, I loved best, but he wilfully disobeyed and offended me. I destroyed the will in his favor, and made another.'

"'In favor of Ralph Hamburg?'

"'If you know so much, go on," he exclaimed, pettishly.

"'Mere supposition. You were not satisfied with him, and seriously meditated on recalling the discarded heir to make new overtures for reconciliation?'

"'The case precisely,' returned the old man, musingly.

"'You spoke of doing this before Hamburg, I presume?'

"'I have, again and again; but before I found the boy, he had died the death of a dog. Rather than obey my wishes, he had lived like a pauper and died like a dog.'

"'How did you learn this fact?'

"'Ralph heard of it, and I sent him and another gentleman to search the matter up. "Killed in a drunken brawl," they said, but I did not think he had fallen to that depth.'

"'Neither had he,' I exclaimed, hotly. 'I knew and loved George Shauna. He was murdered. Do you know this?' And I placed in his hand three small, delicate, scaly links of gold—red, India gold, soft as lead.

"It was pitiful to see the old man peer through his spectacles at the fragment.

"'It is a piece of the chain that I gave Ralph—one that I brought from India.'

"'You could swear to it?'

"'I can.'

"'These links were clutched in the dead hand of George Shauna, torn from the chain in his struggle with his assassin.'

"The old man's hands began to flip strangely about his knees.

"'Give him some brandy from that flask,' whispered Hubach. 'For God's sake, don't let him go off in apoplexy now, until justice is done the dead and the living.'

"We roused and shook him, and caused him to drink the stimulant.

"'What would you say?' he questioned us.

"'That Ralph Hamburg is the murderer. That the stories about his cousin were devilish fabrications of his murderous brain.'

"A fierce anger and hate of the author of this crime roused the old man to life and action. After an hour's low, eager discussion, he drove away, our plans being perfected.

"The night of the bridal there were two guests too many. I asked permission to bring them. It was a bitter, cruel thing, but I knew that Louisa's after years would bless me.

"The bridegroom's guilty soul suspected something wrong. He watched me with a glassy glare that was frightful. Why he fastened his basilisk glance upon me was because I was Louisa's cousin—might be her champion—and from what she had told him, first and last, of my friendship for the gifted, noble and ill-fated George Shauna, he felt a deadly fear of me, mingled with intense hatred.

"While Officer Bradly and Hubach held their position by the door, and I stood ready to aid in the capture, Sikes and Hibbard advanced forward to arrest him.

"Quick as lightning he drew a stiletto and sprang for me. I dropped upon my knee, and as the weapon aimed for my heart passed over my shoulder, with a rapid movement, I turned and seized the keen blade with my hand, tumbling him flat on his back with the jerk of my other arm around his knees.

"We had him safe in a moment. We also had hysterics, screams, shrieks and a general pandemonium around our ears.

"The career of Ralph Hamburg was at an end. Convicted by his conscience, the jury and his God, he found means to rush madly into eternity by his own hand.

"Hubach was looking him up on the score of a heavy forgery committed against one of the partners with whom he was about to form a business association.

"Why did you leave off the business of detective?"

"Hateful work, Charlie. Am I a dog that I should run down a hole and dig out rapacious and bloodthirsty wretches?

"Louisa, poor girl, had a brain fever, and in a year or so had gray hair about her temples, but she thanked me for saving her. And so you have the true history of the white scar."

Answers to Correspondents.

LENA L. says: "My sister has just asked you a question, and I take the same privilege. I have been engaged two years to a young man, and he says that he thinks that as we are to be married next month, that it is my duty to kiss him. I wish to get your advice on the subject: Shall I kiss him or not? My lover says, what do you think of my handwriting, if it is not very ridiculous for a lady?" By all means kiss him, and put him out of his misery. We should think you would consider it both a duty and a pleasure to kiss the faithful swain to whom you are to be married in a month. Your handwriting is certainly very peculiar, and unusual for a lady. You had better practice more of a running hand.

ORRELLA P. (Marion, Va.,) writes: "A short time ago I was at a public place, where there was a good many persons assembled. I was looking at a young man with whom I was very much smitten (a stranger), and the young man who was with me told me that if I did not stop looking at him he would throw sand in my eyes. Do you think he was jealous by making such a threat, and what do you think of the young man?" It looks very much like a case of jealousy, and as it appears that the young man had some reason to be jealous, we hope you will not be hard on him. Jealousy, you know, is a proof of love. You might advise him to be a little more choice in his language.

MRS. M. M. M., (Stony Point, Pa.,) writes: "I wish to ask you a few questions, which, if it is not too much trouble, I would like to see answered in the Post; but first, I must tell you how highly I prize that best of all papers, and I believe it needs only to be read to be prized by all. I do not see how any one that reads much can help seeing that the talent displayed in its story columns is of a higher order than that of the most of the story papers. Now to my questions. 1st. Is Florence Percy a married lady? 2d. Where does she reside? 3d. Can I, by sending to you, obtain the number of the Lady's Friend (I think it was January, 1870, but am not certain,) which contained portraits of Florence Percy, Mrs. Wood, August Bell, and several others? Also, can I get the numbers of the Post for January 6th and 20th, 1872? 4th. How many countries are there in the world where capital punishment is not inflicted? and is crime supposed to be any more prevalent in those countries than others? 5th. How many woman's rights papers are published in the United States, and is the Revolution published yet, and where? 6th. What is a Liberal Republican? That last question of course you need not answer unless you wish to, but I cannot find out, and I would like as much to know." Florence Percy is married and lives in New Jersey. We can supply you with the magazine mentioned, also the numbers of the Post. Capital punishment is said to be abolished in one of the northern countries of Europe, Sweden, we think. It has not been tried long enough for us to have any reliable statistics. There are some four or five woman's rights papers published. The Revolution is dead. A Liberal Republican, in the common acceptation of the term, is a Republican who endorses the proceedings of the Cincinnati Convention, and supports Mr. Greeley for President.

DORA DOULAS, (Newport, N. J.,) says: "Will you please tell me if there is such a company in Garrettsville, O., as the Electro-Magnetic Curling Comb Company? And also, if it will do as they say? Also, tell me how long it will take a letter from Newport, N. J., to reach Garrettsville, O.?" We have had questions concerning this concern before, and now give our candid opinion, based on good grounds, that it is an Electro-Magnetic humbug. Our advice is that you pay no attention to it. It would take from two to three days for a letter from the one point to be delivered at the other. We advertised the Electro Comb Company once, but shall never do so again.

VOLLY DARDEN, (Wilmington, Ill.,) writes: "Will you answer the following questions: 1st. What is the title of an Earl's wife? 2d. Where can I get a set of croquet balls, and what will be their price? 3d. Who invented sewing machines? 4th. Who was captain of the Mayflower? 5th. What do you think of my writing for a girl of thirteen? 6th. Do you pronounce aged, a-ged, or in one syllable? 7th. How do you pronounce Troilus and Cressida?" 1st. Countess. 2d. A set of Tilton's Ebonite balls—the very best in use—we will send for four dollars; six balls to the set. Four balls would be three dollars. These balls seem to be a vulcanized material, and do not dent or chip. 3d. Various points of the machine have been invented during more than a century. In 1844, Fisher and Gibbons, of England, took out a patent for a shuttle machine. Elias Howe, of this country, took out a patent for his shuttle machine in 1846, but as he had perfected the invention four years previously, he may claim the honor of being the original inventor. 4th. Captain Jones commanded the Mayflower. 5th. It is passable for a girl of thirteen. 6th. Pronounce A'ged. It is usually divided into two syllables in the pronunciation, being difficult to pronounce in one. 7th. Tro'-lus and Cres'-si-da.

BLANCHE, (Shawneetown, Illinois,) asks: "1st. In entering church with a young lady, who should lead or go in advance to find a seat, the lady or gentleman? I had a little dispute with a friend on this question; I maintain that the gentleman should open the church door, and step aside and let the lady pass in first, and then for the gentleman to go in and pass her, find the seat, and step aside for the lady to sit down. Which of us were right? 2d. Will you be kind enough to publish the handkerchief flirtations? Is three times a week too often to visit one's betrothed? Is it right for a young lady to correspond with another young man when her affianced asks her not to?" 1st. You are right. Politeness demands that the gentleman should remove all obstructions from the path of the lady. This requires him to open doors for her to pass through, and to close them behind her. In passing up the aisle he naturally takes the lead, in his role of protector, and also that he may find her a seat. 2d. We would prefer in this column not to encourage flirtations. They will flourish enough without special encouragement. 3d. It appears to us quite moderate. 4th. It depends very much on the previous relations between the lady and her gentleman correspondent. He may be a relative, or an old and intimate friend of her family. As a general rule, she should be governed by the request of her affianced.

A. L., (Millville, N. J.,) says: "There is a tale in the Post called 'What Was It?' and the one who wrote it wants to know whether he saw a ghost or not. I say he did not; it was only a dream." It may have been. We have no theory on the subject. If the writer sticks to the ghost we have no objections, and will give you the same privilege to stick to the dream theory.

JAMES B. S. (Erie, Pa.,) says: "I am anxious to find out where I can obtain a drug by the name of St. Ignatius Bean. You will oblige me very much by giving me information through your correspondents' column where I can obtain it." It is not probable that it can be very easily obtained; as it is not described in the regular Pharmacopœias, it is not likely to be kept in ordinary drug stores. It is said to be a native of the Philippine Island, and to contain strychnia in larger proportion than Nux Vomica, the plant from which strychnine is usually prepared. You had better address some of the wholesale druggists of this city. Bullock & Crenshaw for instance. They may be able to furnish you with the drug.

[Several letters are laid over to be answered in our next.]

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 60 letters.

My 41, 2, 26, 15, 8, is the name of a volcanic mountain.

My 35, 18, 55, 32, 25, 60, 15, 20, 16, is the name of a poetess.

My 8, 30, 46, 34, 4, is the name of a month.

My 36, 11, 37, 30, 56, 39, 21, is a boy's name.

My 30, 18, 58, 38, 10, 60, 11, 50, 59, 23, was a poet of the Augustan age.

My 14, 33, 52, 47, is a river in Italy.

My 45, 40, 54, 44, 14, 16, is the name of one of the days of the week.

My 5, 58, 7, 41, 27, 31, is the name of a vegetable.

My 48, 31, 22, 53, 21, 3, is a city in Italy.

My 6, 41, 13, 4, 29, 42, is the name of one of Shakspeare's plays.

My 17, 32, 50, 55, 28, 5, is a sensation experienced by many persons when the comet was expected.

My 26, 1, 52, is a number.

My 5, 12, 37, 57, 20, 51, was the name of an ancient city of Egypt.

My 9, 14, 27, 49, 18, 59, 15, 39, is a character in "Taming of the Shrew."

My 24, 47, 57, is a nickname of Robert.

My whole is a verse from the Bible.

LENA.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in earthquake, but not in rumble.
My second's in haggle, but not in grumble.
My third is in parterre, but not in garden.
My fourth is in polonaise, not Dolly Varden.
My fifth is in genius, but not in art.
My sixth is in absent, but not apart.
My seventh's in heaven, but not in bliss,
Is whisper'd in love, but unheard in a kiss.
My eighth is in stone, but not in the jewel.
My ninth in composed, but not in cool.
My whole we are seeking for year after year,
But its falseness eludes us, 'tis not for this sphere.
Yet performing our duties while earthward we move,
We know we shall find it all perfect above.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 26, 2, 16, 24, 5, 12, 14, 39, 29, is the place where Kosciusko spent the last two years of his life, and where his heart is buried.

My 25, 4, 9, 44, 17, 37, was the name of a Roman Senator who preferred exile to parting with a jewel.

My 19, 27, 10, 36, 9, 18, 45, is the name by which the gypsies are known in one of the countries of Southern Europe.

My 40, 42, 23, 30, 20, 35, 46, 33, was a contemporary of Rubens, who died at Ghent in 1660.

My 28, 44, 15, 23, 21, 7, 3, 27, 13, 39, is the name of the damsel who met "Christian" at the door of the "House Beautiful."

My 6, 35, 43, 24, 33, 11, 31, was the home of a celebrated novelist.

My 23, 12, 8, 30, 16, 2, 5, 10, 29, 41, 21, 4, 39, 11, 32, is the name of the above novelist.

My 34, 8, 18, 1, 24, 39, is the name of a vehicle.

My 22, 35, 25, 10, 2, 39, was one of the leaders in France during the "Reign of Terror."

My whole is a verse from Proverbs.

Germantown, Pa. BELLA.

BURIED RIVERS OF AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. The sugar-cane grows in many of the Southern States.
2. We eye our instructor very closely at school.
3. I saw the police stop a raving maniac.
4. The tiger gave the lion a powerful blow.
5. We delight to fan ourselves in warm weather.
6. We caught the fox in Guilford county.
7. The kangaroo ranges in the dense forests of Australasia.
8. We found the attorney at home talking with his client.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

To marry.
Before.
The moisture of the night.

II.

A fishing instrument.
Evening.
A number.

Seaboard, N. C. F. E. F.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." METAGRAM.—Gun, fan, gin, gum. CHARADE.—Taxes. T-Axes. RIDDLE.—Chicago. CHARADE.—Friendship.

WORD SQUARES—

I.
BEAT
EVER
AEIO
TROT

II.
ROME
OVID
MILD
EDDY

RECEIPTS.

APPLE JELLY.—I prefer Spitzenbergs for this, but any tart apple will do; pare, quarter, and remove the core; then stew in a small quantity of water until thoroughly done. When cool enough, strain through a coarse cloth, and to every pint of the juice add a pound of sugar, and boil until it jellies, which may be easily told by dipping out a little on a plate. This is very nice, particularly for cake.—*Mrs. K. E. J.*

RICE MERINGUE.—Swell gently four ounces of rice in a pint of milk, let it cool a little, and stir one ounce and a half of fresh butter, three ounces of pounded white sugar, the rind of a lemon, and the yelks of five eggs. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered dish, and lay lightly and evenly over the top the whites of four eggs beaten to snow. Bake the pudding for ten minutes in a gentle oven.

TO FRY EGGS, melt a piece of butter in a small frying-pan, and throw in the eggs, taking care not to break the yelks; sprinkle with salt, and serve on a very hot dish the moment the whites are set. The butter should not be allowed to get too hot, but as soon as it is melted the eggs should be thrown in, and not more than two should be fried at a time.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One and one quarter cups of butter, one coffee-cup sugar, five eggs, whites of three reserved, one half cup milk, one and one half cups of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful vanilla. To the whites of three eggs add one and one half cups pulverized sugar; take out four teaspoonfuls for frosting, and to the remainder add six tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate.